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To my dear Sister Mary
from her aff^r C.F.P.

Let through the deep waters I call
thee to go,
the rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
or I will be with thee thy trials
bless,
and sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

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SONGS IN THE NIGHT:

OR

H Y M N S

FOR THE

Sick and Suffering.

[A. C. Thompson.]

'Where is God, my Maker,
Who giveth Songs in the Night?'—JOB, 35: 10.

BOSTON:
BENJAMIN PERKINS.

1845.

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P R E F A C E.

So far as is known to the compiler, this volume is the first of the kind published in this country. Within a few years past, several collections similar in their general character have appeared in England. German literature, too, is any thing but deficient in this department. A specimen may be found in *Knapp's Liederschatz*, B. II., where it will be seen, that hymns 3057—3081 are expressly for the sick. There have also been for many years distinct collections in that language; *Lavater's Lieder für Leidende*, 1787, 8vo. 'Hymns for Sufferers'—*Auswahl der besten Trostgesänge für Leidende, von J. S. Fest. Leipsic*, 1789. 8vo. 'Selections of the best Consolatory Songs for Sufferers.'

That such collections are desirable would seem quite obvious. The sick and suffering are generally unable to listen, or to read, with attention, for any length of time continuously. An adaptation, therefore, to their case will be found in the

brevity of these lyrical productions. And no one needs to be informed, that in suitable poetry there is also an especial adaptation. Its condensed and harmonious form of expression arrests and tranquillizes the mind beyond any other mode of human address.

The following collection includes pieces original and selected; chiefly the latter; most of which it is presumed are not familiarly known in this country. A few, however, have been inserted because of their familiarity, their acknowledged excellence, and particular adaptation to the design of this volume.

It will probably be found that, so far as suited to lyrical purposes, the more usual, and more important circumstances and spiritual necessities of the sick-room have been specifically remembered in this collection. A passage of Scripture, entire or in part, is prefixed to each hymn, that the best of all comforters and instructors may be kept constantly in mind. The hope is entertained that where wearisome days and nights are appointed, this volume will, in numberless instances, answer the question, ‘Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no Physician there?’

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

TO

THE INVALID.

Of few days and full of trouble; such is an epitome of human life. You, my friend, are now ready to admit the truth of this. You are laboring under disease. Former activity has given place to confinement. Your situation is that of disappointment, irksomeness, and pain. A word of Christian interest cannot be unacceptable to you. As one who by experience is not wholly unacquainted with your case, let me suggest a few things.

You have been asking yourself in the retirement of this room, Why is it that I—why is it that man should be heir to so much suffering? Evidently and only because of so much sin. Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed

upon all men, for that all have sinned. All suffering is penal. The pains you now undergo form a part of what is wrapped up in that comprehensive and ponderous word, 'death.' The sickness and other evils incident to our fallen state are one mighty expression of God's displeasure at sin. Every pain endured by man since the apostasy has been a punitive messenger reminding how dreadful is human guilt. You will not understand me as intimating that retribution is limited to the present life. No; the transient paroxysm, and the intermittent burning now felt, are only precursors of the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched. Bear in mind then that one design of this sickness is to impress upon you the fact of universal sinfulness and the consequent curse, and of your participation in the same. Do you penitently admit your own sinfulness? Do you feel your utter moral helplessness? Do you see convincingly your need of an almighty Saviour? 'For thus saith the Lord, Thy bruise is incurable, and thy wound is grievous. There is none to plead thy cause, that thou mayest be bound up; thou hast no healing medi-

cines.' Will you not then cry to the great Physician, 'Lord Jesus, have mercy on me?'

But it is also true, a present Providence has ordered your sickness. You have spoken of an hereditary predisposition, a certain exposure, an over-exertion, with which your illness seems to stand connected. This is proper. But beware of suffering such an expression, as 'It *happened* thus or thus,' to beguile you into a denial of God's constant inspection and control of the events—the minutest even—of your whole life. The very hairs of your head are all numbered. And affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground. Wearisome nights are *appointed* unto you. *God* has laid you upon this bed. As truly has he done it, as if his unseen hand had become visible in conducting you hither.

Your thoughts have probably anticipated me in saying that resignation, complete resignation, is justly claimed of you. Wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins? There is infinite propriety in your suffering thus. Meek submission to it, therefore, as

merited, and more than merited, is what God challenges first of all. Be still, and know that I am God. An approving apprehension of his justice is as indispensable as of his goodness. Neither can exist acceptably to him without the other.

And can you not at this moment see occasion for both? Is the full measure of your deserts meted out to you? The rod is indeed applied, but it is not the scorpion. You are not lifting up your eyes in torment, in devouring flames. Mercies are mingled with judgments. Kindness and severity are blended mysteriously in your case as in the case of every sinner while in probation. For he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. In every stroke of his rod, in every pain, there is also a fatherly forbearance. Strict justice demands everlasting and unmitigated misery, and the full and penitent admission of this, God insists upon. You seem to look distrustful, as if this were a strange or a hard doctrine. But, my friend, I dare not deal an opiate doctrine. God has bidden me speak to you affectionately, yet plainly and solemnly. Woe is unto

me if I administer what shall benumb your conscience. Unwarranted consolation would stupefy only to destroy.

But, you are a professed Christian. God is now applying a test, that you may know whether you are truly such; and, if so, that you may become more eminently such. He has placed you in the alembic of suffering. It may seem to you, that in the process there is intensity, and even fury. But all that he does is needful. It is not in anger, that the refiner puts the precious metal into the fire. David could say, — ‘I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it.’ Can you say the same? — ‘that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold, that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ; whom, having not seen, you love; in whom, though now you see him not, yet, believing, you rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.’ Is this true of you? Is Christ in you the hope of glory? Does your soul rest on him, cleave to him, as its sole hope of salvation? Look to Mount Calvary. Do you view him, who bleeds

there, as the Lamb of God, suffering vicariously for you? Do you see how divine justice is there vindicated? Do you see a flood of glory, that illuminates heaven and earth, pouring from that rude cross? 'My Lord and my God!' is that the profession of your faith? Does Christ, as your atoning and interceding High Priest, sway your soul supremely and irresistibly?

It is your hope,—it is mine, too,—that you are a Christian. But to the Christian, Christ is all in all. These sufferings of yours should serve as a constant memento of Christ's sufferings. Ponder upon the crucifixion, till you can honestly say,—'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.' Here is a twofold crucifixion,—that of Christ, and through him, the mutual crucifixion of the world and the believer. And what is here meant by the world? All objects of unlawful desire. And what by crucifixion to it? The slaying of worldly-mindedness. And how is this effected through Christ, or his cross? It is by virtue of that union, which brings the believer into the fellowship of

Christ's sufferings, being made conformable unto his death. Just in proportion as you obtain a spiritual discernment of Christ and his cross, will you, by a sanctified sympathy, die unto sin, and live unto righteousness. The Christian may become,—ought to become,—so bound to his Lord, that he shall seem identified with him in the crucifixion,—as it were, nailed himself to the cross. By the cross, he is, to be sure, freed from the punishment of sin; but by it, he is also freed from what is unspeakably more to be dreaded,—the power of sin.

My friend, can you say, in sincerity,—‘I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless, I live; yet, not I, but Christ liveth in me?’ Then must you have seen how righteously you were condemned by your Sovereign; you must have felt how impotent you were, in yourself; and you must have had convincing experience of justification by faith alone. Your assurance, you find gradually strengthened. You cry—‘Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.’

You speak of a remaining disposition, at times, to murmur. Guard well against it. Humble

yourself under the mighty hand of God, casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you. He knows infinitely well what is best for you. Your physician may often mistake your case ; but God never. Nothing comes from him, that betrays want of skill, or that proves pernicious. Yet, whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth ; and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. Take, then, this allotment, much as it may disappoint, and, in various ways, try you ; take it, as a paternal dispensation, and bless God that he has so ordered it.

Tribulation worketh patience. This is quite foreign to apathy. Stoicism forms no part of Christianity. Not to feel at all is no proof of submission ; nor is it proof that a person is not submissive because he feels deeply. Nor does this Christian virtue exclude all desire and effort for relief. Our great Exemplar fell on his face, and prayed, saying, — ‘ O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me ; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.’ There is the great point, after all, and above all, a cheerful, complete, and filial surrender. ‘ Relieve and re-

store, O God, if my own good permit it; if the good of others permit it, if thine own glory permit it, do thou spare and heal me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.' Such must be your feeling and your prayer, when, like Christ, you are in an agony, and like him are resigned.

Let patience have her perfect work. This sickness may prove a peculiarly long and trying one. It may be, that an incurable disease has been sent upon you. Your sufferings may be greatly multiplied in number and intensity. But that will not furnish apology for one murmur. Be watchful against exhibiting fretfulness or peevishness to those about you. Let not the Christian name be wounded in this room. Watch and pray, that you may suppress all inward risings of discontent. It is God, who has closed this door upon you, and it is for a private conference, and that, perhaps, a long one. He now inquires, whether you are truly his child? whether, in full view of the rod that is raised, you will say, — 'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good; ' whether, in reference to suffering more severely,

or less severely, for a longer or a shorter time; whether to die now, or to recover, you can calmly say,—‘Thy will be done.’ The pliant vine is pruned; and it weeps, indeed, yet is it the more fruitful, while the thorn-tree stands armed against all approaches. The knife does not change its nature, and the very dews of heaven only render it the more vigorously repulsive. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bring forth much fruit.

But, however protracted and severe your sufferings, stay your mind upon the promise,—‘As thy days, so shall thy strength be,’—and you will find this continued assurance,—The Lord will command his loving kindness in the day-time; and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life. The Jewish Rabbies repeat a tradition, that David had a harp suspended at the head of his bed; and that, whenever the north wind blew upon it at night, it yielded the most agreeable music. Though a figment of the Talmud, this contains, symbolically, a pleasing truth. The severest blasts which

God sends upon the good man, only awaken in his soul the harmony of sanctified emotions.

‘ O, may *thy* heart in tune be found,
Like David’s harp, of solemn sound.’

The pains you now feel are sharp monitors of your frailty. Are you ready for the issue? Are you willing to die to-day? Can you, in the calmness of Christian confidence, say, — ‘ Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit, — Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.’ Tell me now, deliberately, whether you cannot say, — ‘ I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better?’ — That *yes*, you would not exchange for ten thousand worlds. There is reason to think, that this room may prove the ante-chamber of heaven. What is death to the believer? It is the beginning of eternal life. It is only opening the door to let a prisoner of hope out into the pure air and sunlight of heaven. It is sending a weary pilgrim home to his everlasting rest. It is the coronation day of one, who shall reign with Christ forever. O, death! where is thy sting? O, grave! where

is thy victory? I am the resurrection and the life. My grace is sufficient for thee.

Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory, for ever and ever. AMEN.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

PRAYER FOR THE SICK.

Is any sick among you? let him call for the Elders of the Church, and let them pray over him. — *James 5: 14.*

O LORD, our strength and righteousness,
Our hope and refuge in distress,
Our Saviour and our God!
See here, a helpless sinner see,
Weak and in pain he looks to thee,
For healing in thy blood.

In sickness make thou all his bed,
Thy hand support his fainting head,
His feeble soul defend;
Teach him on thee to cast his care,
And all his grief and burden bear,
And love him to the end.

If now thou wilt his soul require,
O, sit as a refiner's fire,
 And purge it first from sin ;
Thy love hath quicker wings than Death,
The fulness of thy Spirit breathe,
 And bring thy nature in.

If in the vale of tears thy will
Appoints him to continue still,
 O, sanctify his pain ;
And let him patiently submit
To suffer as thy love sees fit,
 And never once complain.

O, let him look to thee alone,
That all thy will on him be done ;
 His only pleasure be,
Alike resigned to live or die,
As most thy name may glorify,
 To live or die to thee.

THE LORD KNOWS WHAT IS BEST.

For who knoweth what is good for man in this life ? — *Eccles.* 6 : 12.
WHAT, many times I musing asked, is man,
 If grief and care
Keep far from him ? he knows not what he can,
 What cannot bear.

He, till the fire hath purged him, doth remain
Mixed all with dross :
To lack the loving discipline of pain,
Were endless loss.

Yet when my Lord did ask me on what side
I were content
The grief, whereby I must be purified,
To me were sent,

As each imagined anguish did appear,
Each withering bliss
Before my soul, I cried, ' O ! spare me here,
O no, not this ! '

Like one that having need of, deep within,
The surgeon's knife,
Would hardly bear that it should graze the skin,
Though for his life.

Nay then but he, who best doth understand,
Both what we need,
And what can bear, did take my case in hand,
Nor crying heed.

THE SCHOOL OF SUFFERING.

In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul. — *Psalm 138: 3.*

SAVIOUR ! beneath thy yoke,
My wayward heart doth pine ;
All unaccustomed to the stroke
Of love divine :

Thy chastisements, my God, are hard to bear,
Thy cross is heavy for frail flesh to wear.

‘ Perishing child of clay !
Thy sighing I have heard ;
Long have I marked thy evil way,
How thou hast erred :

Yet fear not — by my own most holy name
I will shed healing through thy sin-sick frame.’

Praise to thee, gracious Lord !
I fain would be at rest ;
O, now fulfil thy faithful word,
And make me blest :

My soul would lay her heavy burden down,
And take with joyfulness the promised crown.

‘ Stay, thou short-sighted child !
There is much first to do ;
Thy heart, so long by sin defiled,
I must renew :

Thy will must here be taught to bend to mine,
Or the sweet peace of Heaven can ne'er be thine.'

Yea, Lord, but thou canst soon
 Perfect thy work in me,
Till, like the pure, calm summer moon,
 I shine by thee —
A moment shine, that all thy power may trace,
Then pass in stillness to my heavenly place.

‘ Ah ! coward soul, confess
 Thou shrinkest from my cure,
Thou tremblest at the sharp distress
 Thou must endure :
The foes on every hand, for war arrayed,
The thorny path in tribulation laid.

‘ The process slow of years,
 The discipline of life, —
Of outward woes and secret tears,
 Sickness and strife, —
The idols taken from thee one by one,
Till thou canst dare to live with me alone.

‘ Some gentle souls there are
 Who yield unto my love,
Who, ripening fast beneath my care,
 I soon remove :
But thou stiff-neckéd art, and hard to rule,
Thou must stay longer in affliction’s school.’

My Maker and my King !

Is this thy love to me ?

O, that I had the lightning's wing,

From earth to flee, —

How can I bear the heavy weight of woes,

Thine indignation on thy creature throws ?

‘ Thou can'st not, O my child,

So hear my voice again —

I will bear all thy anguish wild,

Thy grief — thy pain :

My arms shall be around thee day by day,

My smile shall cheer thee on thy heavenward way.

‘ In sickness, I will be

Watching beside thy bed ;

In sorrow, thou shalt lean on me

Thy aching head :

In every struggle thou shalt conqueror prove,

Nor death itself shall sever from my love.’

O grace beyond compare !

O love most high and pure !

Saviour begin, no longer spare —

I can endure :

Only vouchsafe thy grace, that I may live

Unto thy glory, who canst so forgive.

THE MYSTERY OF CHASTISEMENT.

We glory also in tribulations. — *Romans 5: 3.*

WITHIN this leaf, to every eye
So little worth, doth hidden lie
Most rare and subtle fragrance :

Would'st thou its secret strength unbind ?
Crush it, and thou shalt perfume find,
Sweet as Arabia's spicy wind.

In this dull stone, so poor, and bare
Of shape or lustre, patient care
Will find for thee a jewel rare.

But first must skilful hands essay,
With file and flint, to clear away
The film, which hides its fire from day.

This leaf? this stone? It is thy heart :
It must be crushed by pain and smart,
It must be cleansed by sorrow's art —

Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,
Ere it will shine, a jewel meet
To lay before thy dear Lord's feet.

THE REFINER'S FIRE.

He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver. — *Malachi 3: 3.*

He that from dross would win the ore,
Bends o'er the crucible an earnest eye,
The subtle, searching process to explore,
Lest the one brilliant moment should pass by,
When in the molten, silvery, virgin mass,
He meets his pictured face as in a glass.

Thus in God's furnace are his people tried;
Thrice happy they who to the end endure;
But who the fiery trial may abide?

Who from the crucible come forth so pure,
That he, whose eyes of flame look through the
whole,
May see his image perfect in the soul?

Nor with an evanescent glimpse alone,
As in that mirror the refiner's face;
But stamped with Heaven's broad signet, there
be shown
Immanuel's features full of truth and grace;
And round that seal of love this motto be,
'Not for a moment, but — Eternity!'

GOING TO CHRIST.

Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out. — *John 6: 37.*

JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
'Fightings within, and fears without,'
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—thou wilt receive ;
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

STRENGTH ACCORDING TO THE DAY.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be. — *Deut. 33: 25.*

WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
 To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,
 ‘As thy day, thy strength shall be.’

If the sorrows of thy case
 Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace —
 ‘As thy day, thy strength shall be.’

Days of trial, days of grief,
 In succession thou may’st see;
This is still thy sweet relief —
 ‘As thy day, thy strength shall be.’

Rock of Ages, I’m secure,
 With thy promise full and free;
Faithful, positive, and sure,
 ‘As thy day, thy strength shall be.’

WHY AM I STRICKEN ?

I will say unto God, Do not condemn me ; show me wherefore thou contendest with me. — *Job 10 : 2.*

O, THOU ! whose gently chastening hand
In mercy deals the blow,
Make but thy servant understand
Wherefore thou layst me low.

I ask thee not the rod to spare,
While thus thy love I see ;
But, O, let every suffering bear
Some message, Lord, from thee !

Perhaps an erring wish I knew
To read my future fate,
And thou would'st say — ' Thy days are few,
And vain thy best estate ! '

Perhaps thy glory seemed my choice,
Whilst I secured my own,
And thus my kind reprover's voice
Tells me he works alone.

O silence, thou, this murmuring will,
Nor bid thy rough wind stay,
Till with a furnace hotter still,
My dross is purged away.

'GOD IS LOVE.'

1 John 4: 8.

I CANNOT always trace the way
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move ;
But I can always, always say,
That God is love.

When fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her sanctuary, springs,
For God is love.

When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I 'll check my dread, my doubts reprove ;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.

The entanglement which restless thought,
Mistrust, and idle reasoning wove,
Are thus unravelled and unwrought,—
For God is love.

Yes, God is love,—a thought like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,
For God is love.

PILGRIM! IS THY JOURNEY DREAR?

Leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation!
Psalm 27: 9.

PILGRIM! is thy journey drear?
Are its lights extinct forever?
Still suppress the rising fear,—
God forsakes the righteous, never!

Storms may gather o'er thy path,
All the ties of life may sever;
Still, amid the fear and death,
God forsakes the righteous, never!

Pain may rack thy wasting frame,
Health desert thy couch forever,
Faith still burns with deathless flame,
God forsakes the righteous, never!

HE WHOM CHRIST LOVES.

Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick. — *John 11: 3.*

SAVIOUR! I can welcome sickness,
If these words be said of me;
Can rejoice, 'midst pain and weakness,
If I am but loved by thee;
Love so precious,
Balm for every wound will be.

Thou, who waitest not for fitness
 In the souls thy blood has saved,
 Let thy Spirit now bear witness,
 He this sentence has engraved, —
 Love so precious,
 Gives me all my prayers have craved.

Though that love send days of sadness,
 In a life so brief as this,
 It prepares me days of gladness,
 And a life of perfect bliss ;
 Love so precious,
 Bids me every fear dismiss.

PLEADING FOR MERCY.

Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am weak ; O Lord heal me, for my bones are vexed. — *Psalm 6 : 2.*

In mercy, not in wrath, rebuke
 Thy feeble worm, my God !
 My spirit dreads thine angry look,
 And trembles at thy rod.

Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak,
 Regard my heavy groans ;
 O let thy voice of comfort speak ;
 And heal my broken bones !

By day, my busy, beating head
Is filled with anxious fears ;
By night, upon my restless bed,
I weep a flood of tears.

Thus I sit desolate and mourn,
Mine eyes grow dull with grief ;
How long, my Lord, ere thou return,
And bring my soul relief ?

MERCY SUPPLICATED.

O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger.—*Psalm 6: 1.*

GENTLY, gently, lay thy rod
On my sinful head, O God !
Stay thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink before its sway.

Heal me, for my flesh is weak ;
Heal me, for thy grace I seek ;
This, my only plea, I make, —
Heal me, for thy mercy's sake.

Who, within the silent grave,
Shall proclaim thy power to save ?
Lord, my sinking soul reprieve ;
Speak ! and I shall rise and live.

Lo ! he comes ! he heeds my plea !
Lo ! he comes ! the shadows flee !
Glory round me dawns once more,
Rise, my spirit, and adore !

THANKFUL AND UNTHANKFUL.

For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he. — *Proverbs 23: 7.*

SOME murmur when their sky is clear,
 And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
 In their great heaven of blue :
And some with thankful love are filled,
 If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
 The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
 In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
 And all good things denied :
And hearts in poorest huts admire
 How love has in their aid,
(Love, that not ever seems to tire,)
 Such rich provision made.

TRIALS A BLESSING.

Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations. — *James 1: 2.*

'T is my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
Trials must and will befall,
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil ;
These spring up and choke the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soil.
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer,
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

Did I meet no trials here,
No correction by the way,
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a cast-away ?
Worldlings may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight ;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

'BE OF GOOD CHEER.'

Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous ; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby. Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down.—*Hebrews 12: 11, 12.*

O, CHEER thee, cheer thee, suffering saint !
Though worn with chastening, be not faint !
And, though thy night of pain seem long,
Cling to thy Lord,— in him be strong ;
He marks, he numbers every tear,
Not one faint sigh escapes his ear.

O, cheer thee, cheer thee, now's the hour
To him to lift thine eye for power,
His all-sufficiency to show,
Now in extremity of woe ;
While in the furnace to lie still,—
This is, indeed, to do his will.

Then cheer thee, cheer thee, though the flame
Consume thy wasting, suffering frame,
His gold shall suffer harm, nor loss,
He will but purge away the dross,
And fit it, graced with many a gem,
To form his glorious diadem.

And he *will* cheer thee, he will calm
Thy pain intense with heavenly balm,

Show thee the martyr's white-robed throng,
 Thy place prepared, that host among;
 That weight of glory will o'erpower
 The anguish of life's suffering hour.

Yes, he *will* cheer thee; — he will prove
 The soul, encircled by his love,
 Can meekly, 'midst her anguish, say, —
 ' Still will I trust him, though he slay; '
 And he will make his words thine own, —
 ' Father! thy will, not mine, be done.'

A PRAYER IN SICKNESS.

Truly my soul waiteth upon God; from him cometh my salvation. —
Psalm 62: 1.

O THOU, all holy, wise, and just,
 Whom heaven and earth obey;
 Thou only object of my trust,
 Whose word can sink me into dust,
 Or raise my feeble clay, —

If now the last decisive day
 Of my frail life draw near,
 My soul, while fainting with dismay,
 From rising crimes in dread array,
 Do thou with mercy cheer.

Or, if my past iniquity
 My dying hour molest,
Yet, O then, save me when I die,
Nor to my parting soul deny
 An entrance into rest.

But if thy boundless grace should spare
 My fleeting life again,
Let sin no more my soul ensnare,
But love and warm devotion there
 In blissful union reign.

MEDITATION.

Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.—*Psalm 4:4.*

WHEN restless on my bed I lie,
Still courting sleep, which still will fly,
Then shall reflection's brighter power
Illume the lone and midnight hour.

If hushed the breeze and calm the tide,
Soft will the stream of memory glide;
And all the past, a gentle train,
Waked by remembrance, live again.

Perhaps that anxious friend I trace,
Beloved, till life's last throb shall cease,
Whose voice first taught a Saviour's worth,
And future bliss unknown on earth.

His faithful counsel, tender care,
Unwearied love, and humble prayer ;
O, these still claim the grateful tear,
And all my drooping courage cheer.

If loud the wind, the tempest high,
And darkness wraps the sullen sky,
I muse on life's tempestuous sea,
And sigh, O Lord, to come to thee.

Tossed on the deep and swelling wave,
O, mark my trembling soul, and save ;
Give to my view that haven near,
Where thou wilt chase each grief and fear.

CORRECTION NEEDED.

Wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins ? — *Lamentations 3: 39.*

WISH not, dear friends, my pain away ;
Wish me a wise and thankful heart,
With God, in all my griefs, to stay,
Nor from his loved correction start.

The dearest offering he can crave,
His portion in our souls to prove,
What is it to the gift he gave,
The only Son of his dear love ?

In life's long sickness, evermore
Our thoughts are tossing to and fro :
We change our posture o'er and o'er,
But cannot rest, nor cheat our wo.

Were it not better to lie still,
Let him strike home, and bless the rod ?
Never so safe as when our will
Yields, undiscerned by all, to God.

THE LEPER.

And, behold, there came a leper and worshipped him, saying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean. — *Matthew 8: 2.*

OFT as the leper's case I read,
My own, described, I feel ;
Sin is a leprosy, indeed,
Which none but Christ can heal.

Lord, thou canst heal me if thou wilt,
For thou canst all things do ;
O, cleanse my leprous soul from guilt,
My filthy heart renew.

Come, lepers, seize the present hour,
The Saviour's grace to prove ;
He can relieve, for he is power, —
He will, for he is love.

THE SICK ROOM.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.—*Psalm 145: 18.*

WATCHING, through the silent hours,
By the unrefreshéd bed,
Where disease arrays his powers,
Whence repose is banishéd,—
Where time halteth, sad and slow,
Thou art with me, Lord, I know.

When the vital forces seem
Dwindled to as faint a spark
As the taper's sickly gleam,
Making darkness doubly dark,—
Lord! I bless thee, that thou art
Near, to stay the sinking heart.

When the flame, reviving, burns
Gently, and, at sleep's soft touch,
Anguish yields, and hope returns,
Dove-like, to the smoothéd couch,—
With an anxious, deep-drawn sigh,
Lord, I praise thee, ever nigh.

In the dim, religious gloom,
Where 'expressive silence' broods
O'er the closely-curtained room,
Nor a stirring breath intrudes,—

As in silent prayer I kneel,
Thou art present, Lord, I feel.

When reluctant hope is fled,
When the pulses beat no more,
And the last farewell is said,
And the war of life is o'er, —
Lord, both the spirit and the dust
Of our beloved, to thee we trust.

DESPAIRING, YET PLEADING.

God be merciful to me, a sinner. — *Luke 18: 13.*

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene ?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms ?
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between ;
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms ;
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms ?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode ?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms ;
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence !'
Fain promise never more to disobey ;
But, should my author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair virtue's way ;

Again in folly's path might go astray ;
Again exalt the brute and sink the man :
Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan ?
Who sin so oft have mourned, yet to temptation
ran ?

O, thou, great Governor of all below !
If I may dare a lifted eye to thee,
Thy rod can make a tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea ;
With that controlling power assist even me,
Those headlong, furious passions to confine ;
For all unfit I feel my powers to be
To rule their torrent in th' allowéd line ;
O, aid me with thy help, Omnipotence Divine !

CHASTISEMENT MISIMPROVED.

For God speaketh once, yea, twice, yet man perceiveth it not.—
Job 33: 11.

How oft, upon my feverish bed,
By pain and darkness pressed,
I have rejoiced, with thankful heart,
That this was not my rest ;
And that earth's troubles sure were given,
To fix our wayward hearts on heaven.

But when it pleased my God, who sent
Those hours of wearing pain,
His rod in mercy to withdraw,
And give me health again;
My heart earth's trifles still would prize,
And draw my wishes from the skies.

O, what a sinful heart is mine,
Ungrateful and unwise,
My Saviour's love thus to neglect,
His chastenings to despise, —
And please this weak, frail form of clay,
Made soon to fade and pass away.

I have no strength, I have no power,
One good resolve to keep;
Will the great Shepherd turn again
His wandering, faithless sheep;
And lead me from delusive toys,
To holy, high, and endless joys?

I dare not hope, but in his name,
Who came to seek the lost, —
Jesus, O, guide me with thy rod
And staff, whate'er the cost;
Though thou may'st bid me all resign,
O, save me, Lord, and own me thine.

SPIRITUAL HEALING.

And Jesus went about healing all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease among the people. — *Matthew 4: 23.*

YE mourning sinners, here disclose
Your deep complaints, your various woes ;
Approach, 't is Jesus ; he can heal
The pains which mourning sinners feel.

That hand, which can assuage
The burning fever's restless stage ;
That hand, omnipotent and kind,
Can cool the fever of the mind.

Dear Lord, we wait thy healing hand ;
Diseases fly at thy command ;
O, let thy sovereign touch impart
Life, strength, and health to every heart.

‘WILT THOU BE MADE WHOLE ?’

John 5: 6.

BEHOLD, the great Physician stands,
Whose skill is ever sure ;
And loud he calls to dying men,
And free he offers cure.

And will ye hear his gracious voice,
While sore diseased ye lie ?
Or will ye all his grace despise,
And trifle till ye die ?

Blest Jesus, speak the healing word,
And inward vigor give ;
Then raised by energy divine,
Shall helpless mortals live.

LOOK AND LIVE.

As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son
of Man be lifted up. — *John 3: 14.*

SUFFERER ! art thou conscience-stricken,
Deeply now convinced of sin,
Powerless thy dead soul to quicken,
By the serpent stung within ?
To the cross look up, and live,
Life and health one look can give.

Jesus, on that cross suspended,
Died to expiate thy guilt ;
Satisfied God's law offended,
Saved thee by the blood he spilt ;
To the cross look up, and live,
Life and health one look can give.

God will, for his sake, forgive thee,
 Boldly through his name apply ;
 Perfect soundness he will give thee,
 If on him be fixed thine eye ;
 To the cross look up, and live,
 Life and health one look can give.

JEHOVAH ROPHI.

I am the Lord that healeth thee.— *Exodus 15: 26.*
 HEAL us, Emmanuel, here we are,
 Waiting to feel thy touch ;
 Deep-wounded souls to thee repair,
 And, Saviour, we are such.

Our faith is feeble, we confess,
 We faintly trust thy word ;
 But wilt thou pity us the less ?
 Be that far from thee, Lord !

Remember him who once applied,
 With trembling, for relief ;
 ‘ Lord, I believe ! ’ with tears he cried,
 ‘ O, help my unbelief.’

She, too, who touched thee in the press,
 And healing virtue stole,
 Was answered, ‘ Daughter, go in peace,
 Thy faith hath made thee whole.’

Concealed amid the gathering throng,
 She would have shunned thy view,
 And if her faith was firm and strong,
 Had strong misgivings, too.

Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
 To touch thee, if we may ;
 O, send us not despairing home,
 Send none unhealed away.

CRYING TO GOD.

O Lord God of my salvation, I have cried day and night before thee. —
Psalm 88: 1.

LORD God of my salvation !
 To thee, to thee I cry ;
 O, let my supplication
 Arrest thine ear on high.
 Distresses round me thicken,
 My life draws nigh the grave ;
 Descend, O Lord, to quicken,
 Descend, my soul to save.

Thy wrath lies hard upon me,
 Thy billows o'er me roll ;
 My friends all seem to shun me,
 And foes beset my soul ;

Where'er on earth I turn me,
No comforter is near;
Wilt thou, my Father, spurn me ?
Wilt thou refuse to hear ?

No ! banished and heart-broken,
My soul still clings to thee ;
The promise thou hast spoken,
Still, still my refuge be ;
So present ills and terrors
May future joy increase,
And scourge me from my errors,
To duty, hope, and peace.

BALM IN GILEAD.

Is there no balm in Gilead ; is there no physician there ? — *Jeremiah 8:22.*

‘ GIVE me the voice of mirth — the sound of
laughter —
The sparkling glance of pleasure’s roving eye :
The past is past ; avaunt, thou dark hereafter !
Come, eat and drink — to-morrow we must die ! ’

So, in his desperate mood, the fool hath spoken —
The fool, whose heart hath said, ‘ There is no
God ; ’
But for the stricken heart, the spirit broken,
There’s balm in Gilead yet. The very rod,

If we but kiss it, as the stroke descendeth,
Distilleth balm to allay the inflicted smart;
And 'peace, that passeth understanding,' blendeth
With the deep sighing of the contrite heart.

Mine be that holy, humble tribulation —
No longer feigned distress — fantastic woe;
I know my griefs, but then my consolation,
My trust, and my immortal hopes, I know.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee, saith the Lord. —
Jeremiah 30: 17.

TELL me of that great Physician,
Will he undertake my cure?
Will he freely grant admission
To an applicant so poor?
None but Jesus
Can to such relief insure.

I have not one plea to proffer,
Why such grace I should partake, —
No inducement can I offer, —
No requital can I make;
None but Jesus
Heals for his own mercy's sake.

Yet I know that he has granted
 Cures to thousands such as I ;
 Given them freely all they wanted,
 Without money let them buy ;
 None but Jesus
 Every want could thus supply.

Let me go and spread before him
 All my symptoms, all my fears ;
 Deeply, gratefully adore him,
 While my trembling heart he cheers ;
 None but Jesus
 Wipes away the sufferer's tears.

CRYING TO JESUS.

When they heard that Jesus passed by, they cried out, saying, Have mercy on us thou Son of David. — *Matt. 20: 30.*

DISEASED in body, mind, and soul,
 Pass me not, my Saviour, by ;
 One word of thine can make me whole,
 O ! speak that word, and grief shall fly.

Full, rich, unmerited, and free,
 Thy grace, O Lord, forever flows ;
 Such only can suffice for me,
 Thy peace alone can give repose.

Lord, for that peace I watch and wait;
 When will the bursting morn appear?
 Raise me above this gloomy state,
 Give peace and praise for doubt and fear.

SAVIOUR OF THE DYING THIEF.

And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.'—*Luke 23: 43.*

JESUS saved the dying thief—
 Welcome news for one like me !
 Now I know there is relief,
 When the world no hope can see :
 Saved by grace, by sovereign grace,
 By the cross I'll take my place.

Saviour of the dying thief,
 Lo ! a wretch as vile as he,
 Filled with shame, remorse, and grief,
 Draws his hope, O Lord, from thee :
 In the view of so much grace,
 Can despair at all have place ?

Nothing but the richest grace,
 Could relieve a wretch like me ;
 This alone could reach my case,
 And I see this grace in thee :
 Saviour of the dying thief !
 In thy love I find relief.

‘COME UNTO ME.’

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—*Matt. 11: 28.*

WEAK with sickness, faint with care,
Wearied with the toilsome way,
Where can I for rest repair?
Hark! I hear my Saviour say:—

‘Come to me, thou weary one;
Heavy-laden, come to me;
When thy search for rest is done,
Here alone that rest can be.’

Yes! I feel, my Lord, my God,
There alone my rest can be;
Have I ways of evil trod,
Let me now return to thee.

THE FOUNTAIN.

In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and uncleanness.—*Zecl. 13: 1.*

COME to Calvary’s holy mountain,
Sinners! ruined by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,—
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when the Saviour died.

Come, in poverty and meanness,
 Come, defiled without, within;
 From infection and uncleanness,
 From the leprosy of sin,
 Wash your robes and make them white;
 Ye shall walk with God in light.

Come, in sorrow and contrition,
 Wounded, impotent, and blind;
 Here the guilty, free remission,
 Here the troubled peace may find:
 Health this fountain will restore;
 He that drinks will thirst no more.

He that drinks shall live forever:
 'T is a soul-renewing flood:
 God is faithful — God will never
 Break his covenant in blood,
 Signed when our Redeemer died,
 Sealed when he was glorified !

'MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.'

Psalm 31: 15.

'My times are in thy hand,'
 My God, I'd have them there;
 My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
 Entirely to thy care.

‘ My times are in thy hand,’
Whatever they may be ;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

‘ My times are in thy hand,’
Why should I doubt or fear ?
My Father’s hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

‘ My times are in thy hand,’
I ’ll always trust in thee ;
And after death, at thy right hand
I shall forever be.

COME UNTO ME.

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give
you rest.—*Matt. 11: 28.*

WITH tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;
Yet, ’midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, ‘ Come to me.’

It tells me of a place of rest —
It tells me where my soul may flee ;
O ! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, ‘ Come to me.’

When nature shudders, loth to part,
 From all I love, enjoy, and see ;
 When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
 A sweet voice utters, ' Come to me.'

' Come, for all else must fail and die ;
 Earth is no resting-place for thee ;
 Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
 I am thy portion, ' Come to me.'

O, voice of mercy ! voice of love !
 In conflict, grief, and agony ;
 Support me, cheer me from above !
 And gently whisper, ' Come to me.'

'GO IN PEACE.'

Mark 5: 34.

' Go in peace ! ' — Serene dismissal,
 To the sinner's heart made known,
 When he pours, in deep contrition,
 Prayer before the eternal throne.

' Go in peace ! ' — thy sins forgiven,
 Christ hath pardoned — set thee free,
 Every galling fetter riven,
 ' Go in peace ' and liberty.

Saviour! breathe this benediction
O'er my spirit while I pray;
Let me feel, midst sin's conviction,
Christ has washed my sins away.

THE SAVIOUR'S INVITATION.

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.'—*Matt. 11: 28.*

How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

From heaven he came — of heaven he spoke;
To heaven he leads his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

' Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;'
Yes! sacred Teacher, we will come —
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest!

Decay, then, tenements of dust,
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

GETHSEMANE.

Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane.

Matt. 26: 36.

CAME at length the dreadful night ;
Vengeance with its iron rod,
Stood and with collected might,
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God :
See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
Prostrate in Gethsemane.

View him in that olive-press,
Wrung with anguish, whelmed with blood ;
Hear him pray in his distress,
With strong cries and tears, to God :
Then reflect what sin must be,
Gazing on Gethsemane.

Sins against a holy God,
Sins against his righteous laws,
Sins against his love, his blood,
Sins against his name and cause,
Sins immense as is the sea, —
Hide me, O Gethsemane !

Saviour, all the stone remove
From my flinty, frozen heart ;
Melt it with the beams of love,
Pierce it with thy mercy's dart,
Wound the heart that wounded thee,
Break it in Gethsemane.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

If I may but touch his garment I shall be whole. — *Matt. 9: 21.*

SAVIOUR slain, and slain for me,
While thy mercy I implore,
While I humbly bend the knee,
While my inward prayer I pour,
Speak a pardon to my soul;
Great Physician, make me whole.

Though abashed and full of shame,
Shrinking with well-founded fear,
All my trust is in thy name,
Bid thy grace to me appear,
Bursting, like a ray of light,
Through the heavy cloud of night.

O! to tread life's weary way,
Cheered by my Redeemer's smile!
Sun of Righteousness, thy ray
Can all weariness beguile.
Great Physician of the soul,
Thou alone canst make me whole.

CHRIST'S EXHORTATION.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. — *Isa. 53: 4.*

CHILD of man, whose seed below
Must fulfil their race of woe !
Heir of want, and doubt, and pain,
Does thy fainting heart complain ?
O ! in thought, one night recall ;
The night of grief in Herod's hall ;
There I bore the vengeance due,
Freely bore it all for you.

Child of dust, corruption's son,
By pride deceived, by pride undone,
Willing captive, yet be free,
Take my yoke, and learn of me ;
I of heaven and earth the Lord,
God with God, the eternal Word ;
I forsook my father's side,
Toiled and wept, and bled and died.

Child of doubt, does fear surprise,
Vexing thoughts within thee rise ?
Wond'ring, murmuring dost thou gaze
On evil men and evil days ?
O ! if darkness round thee lower,
Darker far my dying hour,
Which bade that fearful cry awake,
' My God, my God, dost thou forsake ? '

Child of sin, by guilt oppressed,
Heaves at last thy throbbing breast?
Hast thou felt the mourner's part,
Fear'st thou now thy failing heart?
Bear thee on, beloved of God,
Tread the path thy Saviour trod;
He the tempter's power hath known,
He hath poured the garden groan.

Child of heaven, by me restored,
Love thy Saviour, serve the Lord;
Sealed with that mysterious name,
Bear thy cross, and scorn the shame;
Then, like me, thy conflict o'er,
Thou shalt rise to sleep no more;
Partner of my purchased throne,
One in joy, in glory one.

CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE IN SUFFERING.

That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death. — *Phil. 3: 10.*

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall,
 View the Lord of life arraigned ;
 O, the wormwood and the gall !
 O, the pangs his soul sustained !
 Shun not suffering, shame, nor loss ;
 Learn of him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
 There, adoring at his feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,
 God's own sacrifice complete !
 'It is finished !' — hear him cry ;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb,
 Where they laid his breathless clay ;
 All is solitude and gloom ;
 Who hath taken him away ?
 Christ is risen ! he meets our eyes ;
 Saviour, teach us so to rise.

PEACE PURCHASED BY SUFFERINGS.

But the Son of man hath not where to lay his head. — *Matt. 8: 20.*

BIRDS have their quiet nest,
 Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed ;
 All creatures have their rest, —
 But Jesus had not where to lay his head.

Winds have their hour of calm,
And waves, to slumber on the voiceless deep ;
Eve hath its breath of balm,
To hush all senses and all sounds to sleep.

The wild deer hath its lair,
The homeward flocks the shelter of their shed ;
All have their rest from care,
But Jesus had not where to lay his head.

And yet he came to give
The weary and the heavy-laden rest ;
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe our griefs to slumber on his breast.

What then am I, my God,
Permitted thus the paths of peace to tread ?
Peace, purchased by the blood
Of him who had not where to lay his head !

O why should I have peace ?
Why ? but for that unchanged, undying love,
Which would not, could not cease,
Until it made me heir of joys above.

Yes ! but for pardoning grace,
I feel I never should in glory see
The brightness of that face,
That once was pale and agonized for me !

Let the birds seek their nest,
 Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed ;
 Come, Saviour, in my breast
 Deign to repose thine oft-rejected head !

Come ! give me rest, and take
 The only rest on earth thou lov'st, — within
 A heart, that for thy sake,
 Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.

AFFLICTION SANCTIFIED.

It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes.
Psalm 119 : 71.

Lord, how often have I read
 Every promise of thy word ;
 Yet my heart, so cold and dead,
 Felt not what I read or heard !

But, when thou hast sent me grief,
 Clouding every sunny scene,
 Languishing to find relief,
 O, how sweet each word has been !

All is mercy, Lord, I own ;
 Promises so richly given,
 Grief to make their sweetness known,
 Pain from earth, and balm from heaven.

CHRIST'S SUBMISSION OUR EXAMPLE.

The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?

John 18: 11.

AND shall I, Lord, the cup decline,
So wisely mixed by love divine,

And tasted first by thee ?

The bitter draught thou drankest up,
And but this single sacred drop

Hast thou reserved for me !

Lo ! I receive it at thy hand,
And bear, by thy benign command,
The salutary pain.

With thee to live, I gladly die ;
And suffer here, above the sky
With thee, my Lord, to reign.

Here only can I thus show love —
By suffering, my obedience prove ;
But when thy heaven I share,
I cannot mourn for Jesus' sake,
I cannot there thy cup partake,
I cannot suffer there.

Full gladly, then, for thee I grieve,
The honor of thy cross receive,
And bless the happy load ;
Who would not in thy footsteps tread,
Who would not bow, like thee, his head,
And die to reign with God !

PRAYER FOR SPIRITUAL HEALING.

They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.
Matthew 9: 12.

I WOULD disclose my whole complaint,
 But where shall I begin?
No words of mine can fully paint
 That worst distemper, sin.

It lies not in a single part,
 But through my frame is spread;
A burning fever in my heart,
 A palsy in my head.

It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,
 And impotent, and lame;
And overclouds, and fills my mind
 With folly, fear, and shame.

A thousand evil thoughts intrude
 Tumultuous in my breast;
Which indispose me for my food,
 And rob me of my rest.

Lord, I am sick, regard my cry,
 And set my spirit free:
Say, canst thou let a sinner die,
 Who longs to live to thee?

THE SAVIOUR'S TRIUMPH.

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. — 1 Cor. 15: 26.

THE Son of David bowed to die,
For man's transgression stricken;
The Father's arm of power was nigh
The Son of God to quicken:
Praise him, that he died for men!
Praise him, that he rose again!

Death seemed all-conquering, when he bound
The Lord of life in prison;
The might of death was no where found
When Christ again was risen;
Wherefore praise him night and day,
Him, who took death's sting away!

His saints with him must bow to death,
With him are raised in spirit;
With him they dwell above by faith,
Accepted through his merit.
Who o'er death would victory win,
Live to Christ and die to sin.

Death may awhile his victims slay,
Though of his terrors diminished,
But he shall perish in the day
When God his wars has finished:
Heaven and earth resound the strain,
Death by Jesus Christ is slain!

THE RESIGNATION.

O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it,
thy will be done — *Matt. 26: 42.*

LONG have I viewed, long have I thought,
And held with trembling hand this bitter draught;
'T was now just to my lips applied,
Nature shrank in, and all my courage died, —
But now resolved and firm I'll be,
Since, Lord, 't is mingled and reached out by thee.

Since 't is thy sentence, I should part
With the most precious treasure of my heart,
I freely that and more resign ;
My heart itself, as its delight, is thine ;
My little all I give to thee —
Thou gav'st a greater gift, thy Son, to me.

He left true bliss and joys above ;
Himself he emptied of all good, but love ;
For me he freely did forsake
More good than he from me can ever take ;
A mortal life for a divine
He took, and did at last even that resign.

Take all, great God, I will not grieve ;
But still will wish that I had still to give.
I hear thy voice, thou bidd'st me quit
My paradise, — I bless and do submit.
I will not murmur at thy word,
Nor beg thy angel to sheath up his sword.

SUBMISSION.

And in that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise thee; though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me.—*Isa. 12: 1.*

O thou! whose wise, paternal love
Hath brought my active spirit down,
Thy will I thankfully approve;
And, prostrate at thy gracious throne,
I offer up my life's remains,
I choose the state my God ordains.

Cast as a broken vessel by,
Thy work I can no longer do;
But while a daily death I die,
Thy power I may in weakness show.
My patience may thy glory raise,
My speechless woe proclaim thy praise.

But since, without thy Spirit's might,
Thou know'st I nothing can endure,
The aid I ask in Jesus' right,—
The strength he did for me procure,—
Father, abundantly impart,
And arm with love my feeble heart.

O may I live of thee possessed,
In weakness, weariness, and pain;
The anguish of my throbbing breast,
The daily cross, may I sustain,
For him who languished on the tree,
But lived before he died, for me.

IT IS THE LORD.

And he said, It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good.
1 Sam. 3: 18.

WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour, —
Bow, all resigned, beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power,
A joy springs up amidst distress —
A fountain in the wilderness.

O ! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though sorrows fix me there,
Is still a privilege; and sweet
The energies of prayer,
Though sighs and tears its language be;
If Christ be nigh, 't is well with me.

O ! blessté be the hand that gave,
Still blessté when it takes;
Blessed be he who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks;
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores, and death obeys.

RENOUNCING THE WORLD.

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world.

1 John 2: 15.

COME, my fond, fluttering heart,
 Come, struggle to be free ;
Thou and the world must part,
 However hard it be :
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

Ye tempting sweets forbear ;
 Ye dearest idols fall ;
My love ye must not share,
 Jesus shall have it all :
'T is bitter pain, 't is cruel smart,
But, ah ! thou must consent, my heart !

Ye fair, enchanting throng,
 Ye golden dreams, farewell !
Earth has prevailed too long,
 And now I break the spell :
Ye cherished joys of former years —
Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

But must I part with all ?
 My heart still fondly pleads ;
Yes — Dagon's self must fall,
 It beats, it throbs, it bleeds :
Is there no balm in Gilead found,
To soothe and heal the smarting wound ?

O, yes, there is a balm,
 A kind Physician there,
 My fevered mind to calm,
 To bid me not despair :
 Aid me, dear Saviour, set me free,
 And I will all resign to thee.

O, may I feel thy worth,
 And let no idol dare,
 No vanity of earth,
 With thee, my Lord, compare !
 Now bid all worldly joys depart,
 And reign supremely in my heart.

THE ROD.

Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it. — *Micah 6: 2.*

My Father and my God,
 O, set this spirit free !
 I'd gladly kiss the rod
 That drove my trembling soul to thee,
 And made it thine eternally.

Sweet were the bitterest smart,
 That with the bended knee
 Would bow this broken heart ;
 For who, my Saviour, who could be
 A sufferer long, that flies to thee ?

The tears we shed for sin,
When heaven alone can see,
Leave truer peace within,
Than worldly smiles, which cannot be
Lit up, my God, with smiles from thee.

Then give me any lot,
I'll bless thy just decree,
So thou art not forgot,
And I may ne'er dependent be
On any friend, my God, but thee !

As needle to the pole,
There fixed, but tremblingly, —
Such be my trusting soul,
Whate'er life's variations be,
Forever pointing, Lord, to thee !

GRATEFUL FOR CHASTISEMENT.

Therefore I take pleasure in distresses, for Christ's sake.
2 Cor. 12: 10.

MUCH have I borne, but not as I should bear ; —
The proud will unsubdued, the formal prayer,
Tell me thou yet wilt chide, thou canst not spare,
 O, Lord, thy chastening rod.

O, help me, Father! for my sinful heart
 Back from this discipline of grief would start,
 Unmindful of his sorrier, deeper smart,
 Who died for me, my God!

Yet, if each wish denied, each woe and pain,
 Break but some link of that oppressive chain
 Which binds me still to earth, and leaves a stain,
 Thou only canst remove —

Then am I blest — O, bliss from man concealed!
 If here to Christ, the weak one's tower and shield,
 My heart, through sorrow, be set free to yield
 A service of deep love.

THE SUFFERER LOOKING TO CHRIST.

Forasmuch, then, as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind. — *1 Peter 4: 1.*

WHEN human hopes all wither,
 And friends no aid supply,
 Then whither, Lord, ah! whither
 Can turn my straining eye?
 'Mid storms of grief still rougher,
 'Midst darker, deadlier shade,
 That cross, where thou didst suffer,
 On Calvary was displayed.

On that my gaze I fasten,
My refuge that I make ;
Though sorely thou may'st chasten,
Thou never canst forsake.
Thou, on that cross didst languish,
Ere glory crowned thy head ;
And I, through death and anguish,
Must be to glory led.

CONTEMPLATING JESUS.

Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith ; who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God. — *Hebrews 12: 2.*

THOU, who didst stoop below,
To drain the cup of woe,
Wearing the form of frail mortality,
Thy blessed labors done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth, — passed to thy home
on high.

It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Belovéd of the Father, thou didst tread ;
And shall we, in dismay,
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

O thou, who art our life,
Be with us through the strife ;
Was not thy head by earth's fierce tempests
 bowed ?
Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

Even through the awful gloom,
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be ;
 Our spirits shall not dread
 The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to
 thee.

THE SAVIOUR'S SYMPATHY.

For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling
of our infirmities ; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet
without sin. — *Hebrews 4: 15.*

As oft, with worn and weary feet,
 We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought,—how comforting and sweet!—
 Christ trod this very path before ;
Our wants and weaknesses he knows,
 From life's first dawning to its close.

Do sickness, feebleness, or pain,
Or sorrow in our path appear,
The recollection will remain,
More deeply did he suffer here.
His life, how truly sad and brief,
Filled up with suff'ring and with grief !

If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
And whisper evil things within,
So did he, in the desert way,
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin ;
When worn, and in a feeble hour,
The tempter came with all his power.

Just such as I, this earth he trod,
With every human ill but sin ;
And, though indeed the very God,
As I am now, so he has been.
My God, my Saviour, look on me,
With pity, love, and sympathy.

CHRIST ALL-SUFFICIENT.

All my springs are in thee. — *Psalm 87: 7.*

FOUNTAIN of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I, that is not in thee ?
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.

Doth sickness fill the heart with fear?
 'T is sweet to know that thou art near;
 Am I with dread of justice tried?
 'T is sweet to feel that Christ hath died.

In life, thy promises of aid
 Forbid my heart to be afraid;
 In death, peace gently veils the eyes;
 Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

O, all-sufficient Saviour! be
 This all-sufficiency to me;
 Nor pain, nor sin, nor death can harm
 The weakest shielded by thine arm.

SUFFICIENT GRACE.

O, bring me out of my distresses! — *Psalm 25: 17.*

AND wilt thou hear the fevered heart
 To thee in silence cry?
 And as th' inconstant wildfires dart
 Out of the restless eye,
 Wilt thou forgive the wayward thought,
 By kindly woes yet half untaught,
 A Saviour's right so dearly bought,
 That hope should never die?

Thou, who didst sit on Jacob's well,
 The weary hour of noon,
The languid pulses thou canst tell,
 The nerveless spirit tune.

Thou, from whose cross in anguish burst
The cry that owned thy dying thirst,
To thee we turn, our last and first,
 Our Sun and soothing Moon.

From darkness here, and dreariness,
 We ask not full repose,
Only be thou at hand, to bless
 Our trial hour of woes.

Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid
By the clear rill and palmy shade ?
And see we not, up earth's dark glade,
 The gate of heaven unclose ?

ALPHA AND OMEGA.

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending. — *Rev. 1: 8.*

END of faith and its foundation,
 Alpha and Omega too ;
Jesus, author of salvation,
While thy cross and crown I view,
 New supplies of grace impart,
 Holy vigor to my heart.

Militant beneath thy banners,
 Though we travel foes among ;
 Soon to thee shall loud hosannas
 Burst from every ransomed tongue,
 Great forerunner, entered there,
 Crowns and mansions to prepare.

SUBMISSION UNDER SUFFERINGS.

Let them that suffer according to the will of God, commit the keeping of
 their souls to him. — *1 Peter 4: 19.*

O, God ! from whom my spirit came,
 Moulded by thee, this mortal frame
 Feels health or sickness, pain or ease,
 As it may best thy wisdom please ;
 Make me submissive, keep me still,
 ' Suffering according to thy will.'

I am a sinner — shall I dare
 To murmur at the strokes I bear ?
 Strokes, not in wrath, but mercy sent,
 A wise and needful chastisement ;
 Make me submissive, keep me still,
 ' Suffering according to thy will.'

Saviour ! I breathe the prayer once thine, —
 ' Father ! thy will be done, not mine ! '

One only blessing would I claim, —
In me, O glorify thy name !
Make me submissive, keep me still,
'Suffering according to thy will.'

'AS THOU WILT.'

O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me ; nevertheless,
not as I will, but as thou wilt. — *Matt. 26: 39.*

FATHER, if thou willing be,
Then my griefs awhile suspend,
Then remove the cup from me,
Or thy strength'ning angel send ;
Would'st thou have me suffer on ? —
Father, let thy will be done.

If my flesh be troubled still,
Filled with pain or sore disease ;
If my wounded spirit feel
Still-continued agonies ;
Meekly I my will resign,
Thine be done, and only thine.

Patient as my great high priest,
In his bitterness of pain,
Though abandoned and distrest,
Father, I the cross sustain ;
All into thy hands I give,
Let me die, or let me live.

‘AS THOU WILT.’

Matthew 26: 39.

SWEET, delightful resignation !
 Passive in God’s hand to lie,
 Waiting but for his salvation,
 Willing or to live or die.

If I yet have work remaining,
 Then to live will be the best ;
 But if not, then why complaining,
 Should I enter into rest ?

‘ As thou wilt, almighty Father,’
 (Thus once prayed the eternal Son,)
 Could I choose, I yet would rather
 God’s own will than mine were done.

‘ THY WILL BE DONE.’

Matthew 6: 10.

How sweet to be allowed to pray
 To God the holy one,
 With filial love and trust to say,
 O God ! thy will be done !

We, in these sacred words, can find
 A cure for every ill ;
 They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
 And bid all care be still.

O, may that will that gave me birth,
 And an immortal soul ;
 In joy or grief, in life or death,
 My every wish control.

O, could my heart thus ever pray,
 Thus imitate thy Son !
 Teach me, O God, in truth to say,
 Thy will, not mine, be done.

‘ THY WILL BE DONE.’

Matthew 6: 10.

WHAT though in lonely grief I sigh
 For friends beloved, no longer nigh ;
 Submissive still would I reply,
 ‘ Thy will be done ! ’

If thou shouldst call me to resign
 What most I prize, it ne’er was mine ;
 I only yield thee what was thine, —
 ‘ Thy will be done ! ’

Should pining sickness waste away
 My life in premature decay,
 My Father ! still I strive to say,
 ‘ Thy will be done ! ’

If but my fainting heart be blest
 With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
 My God ! to thee I leave the rest,—
 ‘ Thy will be done ! ’

Renew my will from day to day,
 Blend it with thine, and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say,
 ‘ Thy will be done ! ’

‘ THY WILL BE DONE.’

Matthew 6: 10.

ONE prayer I have,— all prayers in one,—
 When I am wholly thine ;
 Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
 And let that will be mine.

All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
 In thee I firmly trust ;
 Thy ways unknown, or understood,
 Are merciful and just.

May I remember, that to thee
 Whate'er I have I owe ;
 And back in gratitude from me
 May all thy bounties flow.

Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent ;
Those talents only well employed,
When in thy service spent.

And, though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will ?
No ; let me bless thy name, and say
‘ The Lord is gracious still.’

A pilgrim through the world I roam,
Of nothing long possessed,
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.

‘ THY WILL BE DONE.’

Matthew 6: 10.

WHEN sorrow casts its shade around,
And pleasure seems our course to shun ;
When nought but grief and care is found,
How sweet to say, ‘ Thy will be done.’

Take all ; but grant, in goodness free,
That love, which ne’er thy stroke would shun ;
Support this heart, and strengthen me
To say in faith, ‘ Thy will be done.’

' THY WILL BE DONE.'

Matthew 6: 10.

To do, or not to do, — to have,
Or not to have, — I leave to thee.
To be, or not to be, I leave, —
Thy only will be done to me :
All my requests are lost in one,
Father, thy only will be done.

Suffice, that for the season past,
Myself in things divine I sought,
For comforts cried with eager haste,
And murmured when I found them not :
I leave it now to thee alone,
Father, thy only will be done.

Thy gifts I clamor for no more,
Or selfishly thy grace require,
An evil heart to varnish o'er ;
Jesus, the Giver, I desire,
After the flesh no longer known :
Father, thy only will be done.

Welcome alike, the crown or cross ;
Trouble I cannot ask, nor peace,
Nor toil, nor rest, nor gain, nor loss,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor pain, nor ease,
Nor life, nor death ; but ever pray,
Father, THY ONLY WILL BE DONE !

SUBMISSION AND SUCCOR.

Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me ; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done.— *Luke 22: 42.*

Not in thine hours of conflict, Lord,
Not when the tempting fiend was nigh ;
Nor when that bitter cup was poured,
Thy garden agony ;—
Not then, when uttermost thy need,
Seemed light across thy soul to break ;
No seraph form was seen to speed,
No voice of comfort spake :
Till, by thine own revealed word,
The victory o'er the fiend was won ;—
Till the sweet, mournful cry was heard,
‘ Thy will, not mine, be done ! ’

Then to the desert sped the blest,
And food, and peace, and joy conveyed ;—
Then one, more favored than the rest,
Glanced to the olive shade.
Lord ! bring those precious moments back,
When fainting, against sin we strain ;
Or in thy counsels fail to track
Aught but the present pain.
In darkness help us to contend,
In darkness yield to thee our will ;
And true hearts, faithful to the end,
Cheer by thine angels still.

DIVINE PEACE.

The peace of God which passeth all understanding.—*Phil. 4. 7.*

PEACE of God which knows no measure,
 Heavenly sunbeam of the soul,
 Peace beyond all earthly treasure,
 Come, and every fear control.

Do disease and pain alarm me,
 Do I fear impending ill?
 Evil hath not power to harm me,
 He can whisper—‘Peace, be still.’

O! Almighty to deliver,
 Thou on whom my hope is stayed,
 I would trust in thee forever,
 Then I cannot be afraid.

GRATEFUL FOR TRIALS.

This is not your rest, because it is polluted.—*Micah 2: 10.*

LORD, I would thank thee, if thine hand
 Hath sometimes planted in my way
 A thorn, to teach, this earthly land
 Was not intended for my stay;
 But that a better rest remains
 Which neither sin nor sorrow stains.

When prosperous seasons brightly smile,
And cloudless seems the azure dome,
How oft does thoughtless joy beguile
The soul to seek no better home.

Thanks, if some bitter, painful things
Remind me of celestial springs.

Grant me these tokens to receive,
Remembering whence and why they came ;
Then shall I in thy love believe,
And breathe thanksgivings to thy name.
Tokens of thy paternal love,
Pledges of endless good above.

SICKNESS BLESSED.

Of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption. — 1 Cor. 1: 30.

SICKNESS is a hallowed season,
If in God the soul confide ;
Refuges of human reason
Failing, then, are cast aside ;
Man his utter ignorance learns,
And to Christ for wisdom turns.

Lord ! my every hope reposes
Solely, thankfully on thee ;
But, as yet, thy light discloses
Guilt, and only guilt in me ;

Take off my polluted dress,
Robe me in thy righteousness.

Though I find my sufferings painful,
Worn in body, faint in mind,
Welcome they will prove, and gainful,
If they work the end designed;
Make it, Lord, my hourly prayer,
In thy holiness to share.

Soon, thy glorious work completed,
Sufferings I shall need no more;
Pure in heart, and new created,
Thou thine image wilt restore:
Then from every bond set free,
Lord, thy glory I shall see.

SICKNESS SANCTIFIED.

I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.—*Psalm 119: 75.*

FOR what shall I praise thee, my God and my king?

For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, and for ease?

For the spring of delight, and the sunshine of peace?

Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloomed on
my breast?

For joys in perspective, and pleasures possessed?
For the spirits that heightened my day of delight,
And the slumbers that sat on my pillow by night?

For this should I praise thee! but if only for this,
I should leave half untold the donation of bliss:
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care,
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear;

For the nights of anxiety, watchings, and tears,
A present of pain, a perspective of fears;
I praise thee, I bless thee, my king and my God,
For the good and the evil thy love hath bestowed.

The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is
flown,
They yielded no fruits, they are withered and gone;
The thorn, it was poignant, but precious to me,—
'T was the message of mercy, it led me to thee.

EXTREME SUFFERINGS.

Save me, O God; for the waters are come in unto my soul. — *Ps. 69: 1.*

FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation!
I thy timely aid implore;

Suffering Son of Man be near me,
All my sufferings to sustain ;
By thy sorrows grieves to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain.

Call to mind that unknown anguish
In thy days of flesh below ;
When thy troubled soul did languish
Under a whole world of woe ;
When thou didst our curse inherit,
Groan beneath our guilty load,
Burdened with a wounded spirit,
Bruised by all the wrath of God.

By thy most severe temptation,
In that dark, satanic hour ;
By thy last, mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power.
By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy bloody sweat, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.

By the travail of thy spirit,
By thine outcry on the tree,
By thine agonizing merit,
In my pangs, remember me !
By thy death I thee conjure,
A weak, dying soul befriend ;
Make me patient to endure,
Make me faithful to the end.

SUFFERING SANCTIFIED.

I take pleasure in infirmities. — 2 Cor. 12: 10.

How happy the sorrowful man,
Whose sorrow is sent from above,
Awaked by a visit of pain,
Chastised by Omnipotent love !
The author of all his distress,
He comes by affliction to know ;
And God he in heaven shall bless,
That ever he suffered below.

Thus, thus may I happily grieve,
And hear the intent of his rod ;
The marks of adoption receive,
The strokes of a merciful God ;
With nearer access to his throne,
My burden of follies confess,
The cause of my miseries own,
And cry for an answer of peace.

O, Father of mercies ! on me,
On me in affliction bestow
A power of applying to thee,
A sanctified use of my woe.
I would, in a spirit of prayer,
To all thine appointments submit,
The pledge of my happiness bear,
And joyfully die at thy feet.

THE CHAMBER OF SICKNESS.

And if they be holden in cords of affliction, he openeth also their ear to discipline. — *Job 36: 8, 10.*

CHAMBER of sickness ! much to thee I owe,

Though dark thou be ;

The lessons it imports me most to know,

I owe to thee.

A sacred seminary thou hast been, —

I trust to train me for a happier scene.

Chamber of sickness ! Suffering and alone,

My friends withdrawn,

The blessed beams of heavenly truth have shone

On me forlorn,

With such a hallowed vividness and power,

As ne'er were granted to a brighter hour.

Chamber of sickness ! Midst thy silence, oft

A voice is heard,

Which, though it fall like dew on flowers, so soft,

Yet speaks each word

Into the aching heart's unseen recess,

With power no earthly accents could possess.

Chamber of sickness ! In that bright abode,

Where there is no more pain,

If, through the merits of my Saviour, God,

A seat I gain,

This theme shall tune my golden harp's soft lays,

That in thy shelter passed my earthly days.

CHRIST'S SYMPATHY WITH THE SUFFERER.

For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities ; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. — *Hebrews 4: 15.*

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great high priest our nature wears, —
The guardian of mankind appears.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains,
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part ;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

CONFORMITY TO CHRIST.

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus. — *Phil. 2.5.*

EVER patient, gentle, meek,
Holy Saviour! was thy mind ;
Vainly in myself I seek
Likeness to my Lord to find ;
Yet, that mind, which was in thee,
May be, must be, formed in me.

Though such griefs were thine to bear,
For each sufferer thou couldst feel ;
Every mourner's burden share,
Every wounded spirit heal ;
Saviour, let thy grace in me
Form that mind which was in thee.

When my pain is most intense,
Let thy cross my lesson prove ;
Let me hear thee, e'en from thence,
Breathing words of peace and love ;
Saviour, let thy grace in me
Form that mind which was in thee.

LITANY TO THE SAVIOUR.

For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

Romans 10: 13.

SAVIOUR ! when in dust, to thee,
Low we bow the adoring knee ;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes, —
O, by all thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below, —
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany !

By thy helpless, infant years,
By thy life of want and tears,
By thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness ;
By the dread, mysterious hour
Of th' insulting tempter's power, —
Turn, O, turn a favoring eye, —
Hear our solemn Litany !

By the sacred griefs, that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By the boding tears, that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode ;
By the anguished sigh, that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold, —
From thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany !

By thine hour of dire despair,
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,—
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By thy deep, expiring groan,
By the sad, sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;—
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, reascended Lord!—
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany!

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Likewise also the Spirit helpeth our infirmities. — *Romans 8: 26.*

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts disquietéd, —
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep, —
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tempter me pursueth,
With the sins of all my youth,
And condemns me with untruth, —
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright my eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened, which was sealed,
When to thee I have appealed, —
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

HYMN AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.
— *Galatians 6: 14.*

O THOU, Majesty Divine !
Was ever poverty like thine !
Who, for such surpassing love,
Yielding blood for blood, will prove
True follower in thy train ?

Sharing now thy wounds, I pray thee,
Let me love for love repay thee ;
Thou, whose soul for sinners smarted,
Healer of the broken-hearted,
Kind Father of the poor.

What in me is wounded, broken,
What doth sore disease betoken,
Sweetest Saviour, make it whole,
Then restore me, heal my soul
With medicine divine.

I draw near, as thou wert by me,
Yea, I do believe thee near me ;
Heal me, thou my hope hast been ;
Cleanse me, and I shall be clean,
When washed in blood of thine.

On my heart each stripe be written,
Wherewith thou for me wert smitten ;

Each deep wound, that I may be
Wholly crucified with thee,
And loving thee alway.

Gracious Jesus, Lord most dear,
Guilty though I am, give ear;
Show thine own sweet clemency;
Spurn me not, though vile I be,
From thy blessed feet away.

Here before thee, fallen, weeping,
And with tears these torn feet steeping;
Jesus, for thy mercy's sake,
Pity on my misery take,
And one kind look let fall.

From the cross uplifted high,
My beloved, cast thine eye;
Turn me to thee, heart and soul,
Speak the word of power, — 'Be whole,
I have forgiven thee all.'

THE VOICE OF JESUS.

Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid.
Matthew 14: 27.

WHEN waves of trouble round me swell,
My soul is not dismayed;
I hear a voice I know full well,—
"T is I — be not afraid."

When black the threatening skies appear,
 And storms my path invade,
 Those accents tranquillize each fear,—
 'T is I—be not afraid.'

There is a gulf, that must be crossed ;
 Saviour, be near to aid !
 Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,—
 'T is I—be not afraid.'

There is a dark and fearful vale,
 Death hides within its shade ;
 O, say, when flesh and heart shall fail,—
 'T is I—be not afraid.'

CHRIST OUR LIGHT.

Whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth
 in a dark place.—*1 Peter 1: 19.*

POLAR STAR of life's dark sea !
 All unknowing how to steer,
 Saviour, I would look to thee,
 O'er the watery waste appear ;
 Let no cloud obscure thy light,
 Shine encouragingly bright.

O'er the rolling billows shine,
 Faith to thee her eye will turn ;
 Though the stormy night be mine,
 If my beacon I discern,

If my guiding star appear,
I shall quickly lose my fear.

Though the foaming billows rise,
I shall scarce their threatening see,
If I turn me to the skies,
If I fix my gaze on thee.
Guiding Star ! still give thy light,
Lead me through the stormy night.

COMMITTING THE SOUL TO THE SAVIOUR.

Into thy hand I commit my spirit ; thou hast redeemed me, O Lord
God of truth. — *Psalm 31: 5.*

My spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline ;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

In thee I place my trust,
On thee I calmly rest ;
I know thee good, — I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform ;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

Let good or ill befall,
 It must be good for me ;
 Secure of having thee in all,
 Of having all in thee.

CLINGING TO JESUS.

Seeing then we have a great high priest that is passed into the heavens,
 Jesus, the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. — *Heb. 4: 14.*

HOLY SAVIOUR, friend unseen,
 Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
 Help me throughout life's varying scene,
 By faith to cling to thee !

Blest with this fellowship divine,
 Take what thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine ;
 E'en as the branches to the vine,
 My soul would cling to thee !

Far from her home, fatigued, opprest,
 Here she has found her place of rest ;
 An exile still, yet not unblest,
 While she can cling to thee !

Oft, when I seem to tread alone
 Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
 Thy voice of love, in tenderest tone,
 Whispers, ' still cling to me ! '

Though faith and hope may oft be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside ;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
 The soul that clings to thee !

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall :
What can disturb me, what appall,
Whilst as my rock, my strength, my all,
 Saviour ! I cling to thee ?

RISE AND PRAY.

Luke 22: 46.

ART thou a pilgrim, and alone,
Far from the home once called thine own ?
From friendship's faithful bosom wrested,
In stranger hands thy comforts vested,
Thy life a cheerless wintry day
Unlit by sunshine ? — Rise and pray !

Smiled on thee once the bliss of earth,
And glittering joys of transient worth ?
Hast thou adored some idol shrine,
Or bent has many a knee at thine ?
Faded these creatures of a day,
What hast thou left ? Arise and pray !

O, hast thou, driven by deepest woe,
Thy soul's sure refuge learned to know ?
And every storm of life would meet
Beneath the sheltering mercy-seat ?
Whether in youth or life's decay,
Thy lot is blest — thou lov'st to pray ?

But haply thou, even thou, hast found
Religion's consecrated ground
With sorrows and with snares beset ;
Which, though the Almighty Sufferer met
To conquer, we must yet obey
His welcome mandate — Rise and pray !

O, mournful lot to mortals given,
Might not the wingéd thought to heaven,
Amidst opposing myriads rise
To claim its refuge in the skies !
'Where is thy God ?' whilst mockers say,
To him mounts up the soul to pray !

Though, mingled in one bitter draught,
Thou every earthly woe hast quaffed ;
Around, though enemies prevail,
And darts from cherished friends assail ;
These, but in image faint portray
His griefs, who bids thee — Rise and pray !

Even should that direst hour be thine,
When in the darkening heavens no sign

Appears ; — but thou in combat fell
Must meet the adverse hosts of hell,
O, never cast the hope away,
While thou canst lift thy heart to pray.

With tears, with bitterest agony
The Saviour wrestled, soul ! for thee,
Ere he could all triumphant rise
To plead the accepted sacrifice :
So, till the world shall pass away,
Shall stand his words — ‘ Arise and pray ! ’

TO PRAYER.

In the morning will I direct my prayer to thee. — *Psalm 5 : 3.*

To prayer, to prayer ! — for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker’s smile awakes.
His light is on all below, above,
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
O, then, in the breath of the early air,
Send upwards the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer ! — for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on.
Like a curtain from God’s kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the guardian of night.

To prayer! — for the day that God has blessed . . .
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
It speaks of creation's early bloom ;
It speaks of the prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies.
O, hour of bliss ! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture, a mother only knows.
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer ;
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling
hand.

What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parents and home, farewell !
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul through him who died.
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow —
O, what is earth and its pleasures now !
And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer ?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends ;
There is peace in his eye that upward bends ;
There is peace in his calm, confiding air ;
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words,
prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier !
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
It commends the spirit to God who gave ;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave ;
It points to the glory where he shall reign,
Who whispered, ' Thy brother shall rise again.'

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss !
But gladder, purer, than rose from this.
The ransomed shout to their glorious king,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing ;
But a sinless and joyous song they raise ;
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength
To join that holy band at length.
To him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,
To him thy heart, and thy hours be given ;
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

TEACH ME TO PRAY.

One of his disciples said unto him, Lord, teach us to pray. — *Luke 11: 1.*

O, God ! may I look up to thee ?
I would address thee if I may ;
And this my one request should be,
Teach me to pray.

Now in my sickness I would ask,
What thoughts to think, what words to say ;
Prayer is a new and arduous task ;
Teach me to pray.

A heartless form will not suffice,
The self-deemed rich are sent away ;
The heart must bring the sacrifice —
Teach me to pray.

To whom shall I, thy creature, turn ?
Whom else address ? Whom else obey ?
Teach me the lesson I would learn —
Teach me to pray.

Now, in my hour of trouble, deign
To bow my spirit to thy sway ;
Now, let me ask thee not in vain —
Teach me to pray.

To thee alone my eyes look up,
Turn not, O God, thy face away,
Prayer is my only door of hope —
Teach me to pray.

FIRST REQUESTS.

Ask what I shall give thee.— *1 Kings 3: 5.*

AND dost thou say, ' Ask what thou wilt ?'
Lord, I would seize the golden hour, —
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin, and Satan's power.

More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of thine image let me bear ;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

Give me to read my pardon, sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength ;
To have thy boundless love revealed,
In all its height, and breadth, and length.

Grant these requests, I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign ;
Sick or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

THE PROMISE.

Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.—*John 16: 24.*

‘ Ask, and ye shall receive ; ’
This promise — O, how free !
Lord, help me firmly to believe
That promise made for me.

Much need have I to pray,
Pardon and grace I seek ;
Defence and guidance every day,
And strength, for I am weak.

My prayer do thou inspire,
And, O ! that prayer receive ;
Lord, teach me what I should desire ;
Lord, help me to believe.

THE MERCY-SEAT.

And there I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from
above the mercy-seat.—*Exod. 25: 22.*

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat —
'T is found beneath the ' Mercy-seat.'

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads ;
A place than all beside more sweet,
It is the blood-bought ' Mercy-seat.'

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far — by faith they meet
Around one common ' Mercy-seat.'

Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed ;
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no ' Mercy-seat ?'

LONGING FOR GOD'S PRESENCE.

Psalm 42.

LONE, amidst the dead and dying,
Lord, my spirit faints for thee ;
Longing, thirsting, drooping, sighing, —
When shall I thy presence see ?

O, how altered my condition ;
Late I led the joyous throng ;
Beat my heart with full fruition,
Flowed my lips with grateful song.

Now the storm goes wildly o'er me,
 Waves on waves my soul confound ;
 Nought but boding fears before me,
 Nought but threat'ning foes around.

Save me, save me, O my Father !
 To thy faithful word I cling :
 Thence my soul thy comfort gather ;
 Hope, and thou again shalt sing.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee,
 O God. — *Psalm 42: 1.*

As panting in the sultry beam,
 The hart desires the cooling stream,
 So to thy presence, Lord, I flee, —
 So longs my soul, O God, for thee ;
 Athirst to taste thy living grace,
 And see thy glory face to face.

But rising griefs distress my soul,
 And tears on tears successive roll ;
 For many an evil voice is near,
 To chide my woe, and mock my fear ;
 And silent memory weeps alone,
 O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.

For I have walked the happy round,
 That circles Zion's holy ground,
 And gladly swelled the choral lays
 That hymned my great Redeemer's praise,
 What time the hallowed arch along,
 Responsive swelled the solemn song.

Ah ! why, by passing clouds oppressed,
 Should vexing thoughts distract my breast ?
 Turn, turn to him in every pain,
 Whom never suppliant sought in vain ;
 Thy strength, in joy's ecstatic day,
 Thy hope, when joy has passed away.

LIFTING THE SOUL TO GOD

Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul. — *Psalm 25: 1.*

FOUNTAIN of light and living breath,
 Whose mercies never fail nor fade ;
 Fill me with life that hath no death,
 Fill me with light that hath no shade ;
 Appoint the remnant of my days
 To see thy power, and sing thy praise.

Lord God of gods — before whose throne
 Stand storms of fire ! O, what shall we
 Return to Heaven, that is our own,
 When all the world belongs to thee ?
 We have no offering to impart,
 But praises and a wounded heart.

O thou, that sitt'st in heaven, and see'st
 My deeds without, my thoughts within, —
 Be thou my prince, be thou my priest,
 Command my soul, and cure my sin :
 How bitter my afflictions be
 I care not, so I rise to thee.

What I possess, or what I crave,
 Brings no content, great God, to me, —
 If what I would, or what I have,
 Be not possest, and blest in thee :
 What I enjoy, O make it mine,
 In making me, that have it, thine.

When winter fortunes cloud the brows
 Of summer friends, — when eyes grow strange,
 When plighted faith forgets its vows,
 When earth and all things in it change,
 O Lord, thy mercies fail me never —
 Where once thou lov'st — thou lov'st forever.

Great God, whose kingdom hath no end,
 Into whose secrets none can dive,
 Whose mercy none can apprehend,
 Whose justice none can feel, — and live ;
 What my dull heart cannot aspire
 To know, Lord, teach me to admire !

WAITING FOR THE LORD.

Psalm 130.

FROM the depths of grief and fear,
O Lord ! to thee my soul repairs ;
From thy heaven bow down thy ear,
Let thy mercy meet my prayers.
O, if thou mark'st
What's done amiss,
What soul so pure,
Can see thy bliss ?

But, with thee, sweet mercy stands,
Sealing pardons, working fear ;
Wait, my soul, wait on his hands,
Wait mine eye, O wait mine ear.
If he his eye,
Or tongue affords,
Watch all his looks,
Catch all his words.

As a watchman waits for day,
And looks for light, and looks again ;
When the night grows old and gray,
To be relieved he calls amain ;
So look, so wait,
So long mine eyes,
To see my Lord,
My sun arise.

Wait ye saints, wait on our Lord,
 For from his tongue sweet mercy flows ;
 Wait on his cross,— wait on his word,—
 Upon that tree redemption grows.
 He will redeem
 His Israel
 From sin and wrath,
 From death and hell.

RELYING UPON GOD.

Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you. — *1 Peter 5: 7.*

WHEN anxious thoughts the bosom fill,
 And skies look dark above,
 How sweet, reposing on his will,
 To feel that God is love !
 To him our mean affairs
 Are most minutely known ;
 He weighs the burden of our cares,
 And numbers every groan.

When fails each earthly confidence,
 And friends grow cold and strange,
 I rest on thine omnipotence,
 On love that cannot change.
 This trust can ne'er delude,
 Thy goodness is most wise ;
 And in thy bounteous plenitude,
 My wealth, my portion lies.

O, let me still a father's hand
In all my ways perceive ;
And, when I cannot understand,
Be humble and believe ;
Till what I know not now,
Shall all be clearly shown,
When at thy throne my soul shall bow,
And know as I am known.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul ? and why art thou disquieted
within me ? hope thou in God ; for I shall yet praise him, who is the
health of my countenance, and my God. — *Psalm 42: 11.*

O, LET my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye ;
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
Wrapped yet in fears and mystery.
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see,
Yet all is well — since ruled by thee.

When mounted on thy clouded car,
Thou send'st thy darker spirits down,
I can discern thy light afar,
Thy light sweet beaming through thy frown !
And should I faint a moment — then
I think of thee, and smile again.

So, trusting in thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on;
What though some cherished joys are fled !
What though some flattering dreams are gone !
Yet purer, brighter joys remain ;
Why should my spirit, then, complain ?

OUR HELP AND OUR SHIELD.

Our soul waiteth for the Lord ; he is our help and our shield.
Psalm 33 : 20.

O God, the Lord of place and time,
Who orderest all things prudently ;
Brightening with beams the opening prime,
And burning in the mid-day sky :

Quench thou the fires of hate and strife,
The wasting fever of the heart ;
From perils guard our feeble life,
And to our souls thy peace impart.

This grace on thy redeemed confer, —
Father, coëqual Son,
And Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Eternal Three in One.

'PERFECT IN LOVE.'

Whoso feareth is not made perfect in love. Perfect love casteth out fear. — *1 John 4: 18.*

'PERFECT in love!' — Lord, can it be,
Amidst this state of doubt and sin?
While foes so thick without, I see,
With weakness, pain, disease within:
Can perfect love inhabit here,
And, strong in faith, extinguish fear?

O, Lord! amidst this mental night,
Amidst the clouds of dark dismay,
Arise! arise! shed forth thy light,
And kindle love's meridian day.
My Saviour God to me appear,
So love shall triumph over fear.

THOUGHTS IN AFFLICITION.

All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.
Job 14: 14.

O THOU, my kind, chastising God,
Help me to own thy sway;
Teach me to bend beneath thy rod,
And cast my pride away.

Have I then wished (presumptuous thought)
The weight of sorrow less ;
Or e'er, with earthly weapons, fought
Against my deep distress ?

Teach me with meek, submissive awe,
To own thy sovereign will ;
E'en from thy rod my comforts draw,
And weep, but thank thee still.

And O, if those, once sent by thee
To soothe the bitter tear,
Now seem thy messengers to be,
Of judgments more severe, —

Let me thy ruling hand discern,
Thy voice of mercy know ;
And from thy gentle teaching learn
To seek no bliss below.

A mourner through this gloomy vale,
'T is meet thy child should go,
Until thy mighty hand prevail,
To conquer every foe.

For thou hast said an hour should come,
When, at thy high behest,
Earth shall prepare thy saints a home,
And thou amidst them rest !

REJOICE ALWAY.

Rejoice in the Lord alway ; and again I say, Rejoice. — *Phil. 4 : 4.*

REJOICE in Christ alway, —

When earth looks heavenly bright,
When joy makes glad the livelong day,
And peace shuts in the night.

Rejoice when care and woe

The fainting soul oppress, —
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,
And morn brings heaviness.

Rejoice in hope and fear, —

Rejoice in life and death, —
Rejoice when threatening storms are near,
And comfort languisheth.

When should they not rejoice,

Whom Christ his brethren calls, —
Who hear and know his guiding voice,
When on their hearts it falls ?

Yet not to rash excess,

Let joy like ours prevail, —
Feast not on earth's deliciousness,
Till faith begin to fail.

Our temperate use of bliss —

Let it to all appear;
And be our constant watchword this, —
' The Lord himself is near ! '

Take anxious care for nought,
To God your wants make known,
And soar on wings of heavenly thought,
Toward his eternal throne.
So, though our path is steep,
And many a tempest lowers,
Shall his own peace our spirits keep,
And Christ's dear love be ours.

CONFIDING IN GOD.

Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you. — *1 Peter 5: 7.*

O L O R D ! how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on thee, —
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart, that one above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

How far from this our daily life !
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden, wild alarms ;
O, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On thy Almighty arms !

Could we but kneel, and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,

Then rise with lightened cheer, —
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,

Will hear, in that we fear.

We cannot trust him as we should,
So chafes fallen nature's restless mood

To cast its peace away;
Yet birds and flow'rets round us preach,
All, all, the present evil teach,

Sufficient for the day.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lesson learn from birds and flowers,

Make them from self to cease;
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before him lying still,

E'en in affliction, peace.

'HOPE THOU IN GOD.'

Psalm 42: 5.

WHY, when storms around you gather,
Should your trembling spirit sink?
Look to God, your heavenly Father,
And of his sweet promise think.

Fancy will be often painting
 Scenes in dark and fearful shade ;
 Yet, why should thy soul be fainting,
 Of prospective woes afraid ?

Cease that dark anticipation !
 Still let love and faith abound ;
 For the day of tribulation,
 Strength sufficient will be found.

God is love, and will not leave you,
 When you most his kindness need ;
 God is true, nor can deceive you,
 Though your faith be weak indeed.

ENDURING TRUST.

For this God is our God, forever and ever ; he will be our guide even unto death. — *Psalm 48: 14.*

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure, mine.

Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears ;
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears ?

No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

Thy favor all my journey through,
Thou hast engaged to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
'T is better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way, —
Shall I resist them both ?
The poor, blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth !

But, ah ! my inward spirit cries —
Still bind me to thy sway ;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

STRENGTH PERFECT IN WEAKNESS.

For my strength is made perfect in weakness. — 2 Cor. 12 : 9.

SINCE 't is God's will, — pain, take your course,
Exert on me your utmost force, —
I well God's truth and promise know ;
 He never sends a woe,
 But his supports divine
In due proportion with the affliction join.

Though I am frailest of mankind,
 And apt to waver as the wind,—
 Though me no feeble bruised reed
 In weakness can exceed,—
 My soul on God relies,
 And I your fierce, redoubled shocks despise.

Patient, resigned, and humble wills
 Impregnably resist all ills.

My God will guide me by his light,
 Give me victorious might,
 No pang can me invade,
 Beneath his wings' propitious shade.

‘THOU HAST BEEN MY REFUGE.’

Psalm 69: 16.

On ! strange infirmity ! to think
 That he will leave my soul to sink
 In darkness and distress :
 Who has appeared in times of old,
 Who saved me while the billows rolled,
 And cheered me with his grace.

What sweeter pledge could God bestow,
 Of help in future scenes of woe,
 Than grace already given ?
 But unbelief, that hateful thing,
 Oft makes me sigh, when I should sing
 Of confidence in heaven !

RESTING ON GOD.

My meditation of him shall be sweet; I will be glad in the Lord.—
Psalm 104: 34.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away:—

Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above:—

Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own:—

Sweet, to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet, to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid:—

Sweet, in his righteousness to stand,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet, on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

Sweet, on his faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end ;
 Sweet on the covenant of his grace
 For all things to depend : —

Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
 To trust his firm decrees ;
 Sweet, to lie passive in his hands,
 And know no will but his : —

’T is sweet to rest in lively hope,
 That, when my change shall come,
 Angels will hover round my bed,
 And waft my spirit home.

Then shall my disembodied soul
 Behold him, and adore ;
 Be with his likeness satisfied,
 And grieve and sin no more.

‘BE STILL, AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD.’

Psalm 46: 10.

WHEN I can trust my all with God,
 In trial’s fearful hour, —
 Bow, all resigned, beneath his rod,
 And bless his sparing power, —
 A joy springs up amid distress,
 A fountain in the wilderness.

O ! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
 Though sorrows fix me there,
 Is still a privilege,—and sweet
 The energies of prayer,
 Though sighs and tears its language be,
 If Christ be nigh, and smile on me.

O, blesstéd be the hand that gave ;
 Still blesstéd when it takes :—
 Blesstéd be he who smites to save,
 Who heals the heart he breaks :
 Perfect and true are all his ways,
 Whom heaven adores, and death obeys.

‘LORD, AND WHAT SHALL THIS MAN DO ?’

John 21: 21.

‘LORD, and what shall this man do ?’
 Ask’st thou, Christian, for thy friend ?
 If his love for Christ be true,
 Christ hath told thee of his end :
 This is he whom God approves,
 This is he whom Jesus loves.

Ask not of him more than this,
 Leave it in his Saviour’s breast,—
 Whether, early called to bliss,
 He in youth shall find his rest,—

Or, arméd in his station, wait,
Till his Lord be at the gate.

Whether in his lonely course,
(Lonely, not forlorn,) he stay,
Or, with love's supporting force,
Cheat the toil and cheer the way :
Leave it all in his high hand,
Who doth hearts, as streams, command.

Gales from heaven, if so he will,
Sweeter melodies can wake
On the lonely mountain rill,
Than the meeting waters make.
Who hath the Father and the Son
May be left,— but not alone.

Sick or healthful, slave or free,
Wealthy, or despised and poor,—
What is that to him or thee,
So his love to Christ endure ?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past ?

Only, since our souls will shrink
At the touch of natural grief,
When our earthly, loved ones sink,
Lend us, Lord, thy sure relief;
Patient hearts, their pain to see,
And thy grace, to follow thee.

PATIENCE IN AFFLICITION.

To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. — *Isaiah 51: 3.*

MOURNER in Zion ! do not weep, —

The Lord thou lov'st may long delay ;
Yet, still thy patient vigils keep,
That soothing voice shall all repay.

O, weep no more ! thy God shall hear,
From dwellings of adversity
Thine humble cry shall reach his ear,
And soon his voice shall answer thee.

And, though his hand to thee may deal
The bitter bread of earthly woe,
And, though across thy path may steal
The waves of sorrow, sad and slow —

A time shall come, when, O how sweet !
A voice, a heavenly voice, shall say, —
' This is the pathway for thy feet ;
Turn hither, turn, no more to stray.'

And he shall give thee songs of cheer,
And, O, how blest thy heart shall be !
Mourner in Zion ! dry the tear, —
The Lord thy God shall comfort thee.

WHO IS ALONE ?

Surely the Lord is in this place.— *Gen. 28: 16.*

How heavily the path of life
Is trod by him who walks alone ;
Who hears not, on his dreary way,
Affection's sweet and cheering tone ;
Alone, — although his heart shall bound
With love to all things great and fair, —
They love not him, — there is not one
His sorrow or his joy to share.

The ancient stars look coldly down
On man, the creature of a day ;
They lived before him, and live on,
Till his remembrance pass away.
The mountain lifts its hoary head,
Nor to his homage deigns reply ;
The stormy billows bear him forth, —
Regardless which, — to live or die.

The floweret blooms unseen by him,
Unmindful of his warmest praise ;
And, if it fades, seeks not his hand,
Its drooping loveliness to raise.
The brute creation own his power,
And, grateful, serve him, though in fear ;
Yet, cannot sympathize with man ;
For, if he weeps, they shed no tear.

Alone,— though in the busy town,
Where hundreds hurry to and fro,—
If there is none, who, for his sake,
A selfish pleasure would forego;—
And O, how lonely among those,
Who have not skill to read his heart,
When first he learns how summer friends,
At sight of wintry storms, depart.

My Saviour! and didst thou, too, feel
How sad it is to be alone;
Deserted, in the adverse hour,
By those, who most thy love had known?
The gloomy path, though distant, still,
Was ever present to thy view;
O, how couldst thou, foreseeing it,
For us that painful course pursue?

Forsaken by thy nearest friends,
Surrounded by malicious foes,—
No kindly voice encouraged thee,
When the loud shout of scorn uprose.
Yet, there was calm within thy soul;
Nor stoic pride that calmness kept;
Nor Godhead unapproached by woe,—
Like man, thou hadst both loved and wept.

Thou wert not then alone,— for God
Sustained thee by his mighty power;
His arm most felt, his care most seen,
When needed most in saddest hour.

None else could comfort, none else knew
 How dreadful was the curse of sin ;
 He, who controlled the storm without,
 Could gently whisper peace within.

Who is alone, if God be nigh ?
 Who shall repine at loss of friends,
 While he has one of boundless power,
 Whose constant kindness never ends ?
 Whose presence, felt, enhances joy,
 Whose love can stop each flowing tear,
 And cause, upon the darkest cloud,
 The pledge of mercy to appear.

GOD, MY HELPER.

I was brought low, and he helped me. — *Psalm 116: 6.*
 O, thou God ! who hearest prayer,
 Every hour, and every where ;
 Listen to my feeble breath,
 Now I touch the gates of death.
 For his sake, whose blood I plead,
 Hear me, in the hour of need.

Hear, and save me, gracious Lord !
 For my trust is in thy word ;
 Wash me from the stain of sin,
 That thy peace may rule within.

May I know, myself, thy child, —
Ransomed, pardoned, reconciled.

Dearest Lord ! may I so much
As thy garments' hem to touch ;
Or but raise my languid eye
To the cross, where thou didst die ;
It shall make my spirit whole, —
It shall heal and save my soul.

Thou art merciful to save ;
Thou hast snatched me from the grave ;
I would kiss the chastening rod,
O, my Father, and my God !
Only hide not now thy face,
God of all-sufficient grace !

Leave me not, my strength, my trust,
O, remember I am dust ;
Leave me not, again to stray ;
Leave me not, the tempter's prey ;
Fix my heart on things above,
Make me happy in thy love.

THE ONLY PORTION.

Whom have I in heaven but thee ? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee. — *Psalm 73 : 25.*

LORD of earth ! thy bounteous hand,
Well this glorious frame has planned ;
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power, —
All that strikes the gaze unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought ; —
Friendship — gem transcending price,
Love — a flower from Paradise.
Yet, amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me ?
' Whom have I in heaven but thee ? '

Lord of heaven ! beyond our sight,
Rolls a world of purer light, —
There, in love's unclouded reign,
Parted hands shall join again ;
Martyrs there, and prophets high,
Blaze, a glorious company, —
While immortal music rings
From unnumbered seraph strings.
O, that scene is passing fair —
Yet, shouldst thou be absent there,
What were all its joys to me ?
' Whom have I in heaven but thee ? '

Lord of earth and heaven ! my breast
Seeks in thee its only rest ;
I was lost — thy accents mild,
Homeward lured thy wandering child ;
I was blind — thy healing ray,
Charmed the long eclipse away, —
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe ;
Yet should once thy smile divine,
Cease upon my soul to shine,
What were heaven or earth to me ?
' Whom have I in heaven but thee ? '

GOD NEVER FAILETH.

Doth his promise fail forevermore ? — *Psalm 77:8.*

LIFE nor death shall us dissever
From his love, who reigns forever ;
Will he fail us ? never, never !
When to him we cry.

Sin may seek to snare us,
Fury, passion tear us !
Doubt and fear, and dark despair,
Their fangs against us try.

But his might shall still defend us,
And his blessed Son befriend us,
And his Holy Spirit send us
Comfort, ere we die.

GOD NEAR.

Though he be not far from every one of us. — *Acts 17: 27.*

THOU art near — yes, Lord, I feel it, —

Thou art near where'er I move ;
And, though sense would fain conceal it,
Faith oft whispers it to love.

Thou art near, — O, what a terror
To the soul that loves thee not ;
Thou art near to mark each error,
Where it cannot be forgot.

Thou art near, — O, what a blessing
To the souls thy love hath blest ;
Souls, thy daily care confessing,
Daily by their God confessed.

Why should I despond or tremble,
When Jehovah stoops to cheer ?
But O, far rather, why dissemble
When Omniscience is near ?

Am I weak ? thine arm will aid me
Safe through every danger, Lord ;
Am I hungry ? thou wilt feed me
With the manna of thy word.

Am I thirsty ? thou wilt guide me
Where refreshing waters flow ;
Faint or feeble, thou 'lt provide me
Grace for every want I know.

Am I fearful? thou wilt take me
Underneath thy wings, my God;
Am I faithless? thou wilt make me
Bow beneath thy chastening rod.

Am I drooping? thou art near me,
Near to bear me on my way.
Am I pleading? thou wilt hear me,—
Hear and answer when I pray.

Then, O my soul, since God doth love thee,
Faint not, droop not, do not fear;
For, though his heaven is high above thee,
He himself is ever near;—

Near, to watch thy wayward spirit,
Sometimes cold and careless grown;
But likewise near with grace and merit,
All thy Saviour's, thence thine own.

LORD, I BELIEVE.

Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief. — *Mark 9: 24.*

Yes, I do feel, my God, that I am thine;
Thou art my joy — myself, mine only grief;
Hear my complaint, low bending at thy shrine,—
'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.'

Unworthy, even, to approach so near,
My soul lies trembling like a summer's leaf;
Yet, O forgive ! I doubt not, though I fear, —
‘ Lord, I believe ; help thou mine unbelief.’

True, I am weak, ah, very weak ; but then
I know the source whence I can draw relief ;
And, though repulsed, I still can plead again, —
‘ Lord, I believe ; help thou mine unbelief.’

O, draw me nearer ; for, too far away, —
The beamings of thy brightness are too brief ;
While faith, though fainting, still have strength to
pray, —
‘ Lord, I believe ; help thou mine unbelief.’

PRESUMPTION AND DESPAIR.

And in my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved. — *Psalm 30: 6.*

ONE time I was allowed to steer
Through realms of azure light ;
Henceforth, I said, I need not fear
A lower, meaner flight ;
But here shall evermore abide,
In light and splendor glorified.

My heart one time the rivers fed,
Large dews upon it lay;
A freshness it has won, I said,
Which shall not pass away;
But what it is, it shall remain,
Its freshness to the end retain.

But, when I lay upon the shore,
Like some poor, wounded thing,
I deemed I should not evermore
Refit my shattered wing;
Nailed to the ground, and fastened there,
This was the thought of my despair.

And, when my very heart seemed dried,
And parched as summer dust,
Such still I deemed it must abide;
No hope had I, no trust
That any power again could bless
With fountains that waste wilderness.

But, if both hope and fear were vain,
And came alike to nought,
Two lessons we from this may gain,
If aught *can* teach us aught —
One lesson rather — to divide
Between our fearfulness and pride.

CHEERFUL AND SAD.

Is any among you afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing psalms.—*James 5: 13.*

WAKE now, my soul, and humbly hear
What thy mild Lord commands;
Each word of his will charm thine ear,
Each word will guide thy hands.

Hark how his sweet and tender care
Complies with our weak minds;
Whate'er our state and tempers are,
Still, some fit work he finds.

They that are merry, let them sing,
And let the sad hearts pray;
Let those still ply their cheerful wing,
And these their sober way.

So mounts the early, chirping lark,
Still upwards to the skies;
So sits the turtle in the dark,
Sighing out groans and cries.

And yet the lark, and yet the dove,
Both sing through several parts;
And so should we, howe'er we move,
With light or heavy hearts.

Or, rather, both should both assay,
And their cross-notes unite ;
Both grief and joy should sing and pray,
Since both such hopes invite.

Hopes, that all present sorrow heal,
All present joy transcend ;
Hopes to possess, and taste, and feel,
Delights that never end.

All glory to the Sacred Three,
All honor, power, and praise ;
As at the first, may ever be,
Beyond the end of days.

'I AM LIKE A BROKEN VESSEL.'

Psalm 31: 12.

O THOU, whose wise, paternal love,
Hath brought my active vigor down, —
Thy choice I thankfully approve ;
And prostrate, at thy gracious throne,
I offer up my life's remains ;
I *choose* the state my God ordains.

Cast, as a broken vessel by,
Thy will I can no longer do ;
Yet, while a daily death I die,
Thy power I may in weakness show ;
My patience may thy glory raise, —
My speechless woe proclaim thy praise.

But, since without thy Spirit's might,
Thou know'st I nothing can endure,
The help I ask, in Jesus' right,
The strength he did for me procure,
Father, abundantly impart,
And arm with love my feeble heart.

O, let me live, of thee possessed,
In weakness, weariness, and pain ;
The anguish of my laboring breast,
The daily cross I still sustain,
For him, that languished on the tree, —
But lived, before he died for me.

THE REFUGE.

Who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us.
Hebrews 6: 18.

JESUS ! refuge of my soul !
Let me to thy bosom fly ;
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,—
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ! art all I want:
More than all in thee I find.
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name:
I am all unrighteousness.
False, and full of sin I am:
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found;
Grace, to cover all my sin.
Let the healing streams abound,—
Make, and keep me pure within;

Thou of life the fountain art, —
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart, —
Rise, to all eternity.

NOT UNCLOTHED, BUT CLOTHED UPON.

For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.—*2 Cor. 5:4.*

In health, O Lord, and prosperous days,
When worldly wealth, or worldly praise,
When worldly thoughts have filled our heart,
We would not from the body part; —
And then the very thought is loathed,
That we must be by death unclothed.

In sickness, sorrow, or in shame,
We fain would quit this mortal frame;
But thus to shrink from toil and pain, —
This is not longing for thy reign; •
Brought low, we only seek to be
Unclothed, — not clothed upon by thee.

O, rather help us, as we ought
To feel what thine apostle taught, —
That not for aye we seek to wear
This form of clay, corruption's heir;

Nor yet, impatient, ask alone
To be unclothed, but clothed upon.

O, blessed Lord ! whose merits dress
Thy saints in robes of righteousness ;
Through whom, for us, eternal stands
That heavenly house, not made with hands —
When this frail dwelling sets us free,
Quench thou, in life, mortality.

FRIENDSHIP WITH CHRIST.

Nevertheless, I am continually with thee ; thou hast holden me by my
right hand.— *Psalm 73: 23.*

WHEN, in the hours of lonely woe,
I give my sorrows leave to flow,
And anxious fear and dark distrust
Weigh down my spirit to the dust ;
When not e'en friendship's gentle aid
Can heal the wounds the world has made ;
O, this shall check each rising sigh, —
Thou, Saviour, art forever nigh.

Jesus ! in whom, but thee above,
Can I repose my trust, my love ?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved, in comparison with thee ?

Thy counsels and upholding care
My safety and my comfort are ;
Thou, Lord, shalt guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.

My flesh is hastening to decay, —
Soon shall the world have passed away, —
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart, and strength, and flesh shall fail !
But O, be thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph while I die ;
My strength, my portion is divine,
And Jesus is forever mine !

THE SAVIOUR'S CARE.

Master, carest thou not that we perish? — *Mark 4:38.*

SUCH was the disciples' cry,
When the crested waves beat high,
And the heavens above were dark,
O'er the tempest-driven bark.

Such, O Lord, in trial's hour,
When afflictions round us lower ;
Now, on life's tempestuous sea,
Our complaining cry to thee.

But thou didst not though upbraided,
Leave thy followers then unaided ;
Prompt to succor, swift to save,
Thou rebukedst wind and wave.

At the word which spoke thy will,
Every stormy wind was still ;
At thy voice the waves subsided,
And in gentlest murmurs glided.

Though their faith, too often frail,
In thy power divine might fail ;
Though thou might'st reprove their fear,
Still thy saving arm was near.

Thus, O Lord, on us look down,
When above us clouds may frown :
Tossing on a stormy sea,
Helpless, hopeless, but for thee.

Should we deem ourselves forgot,
Let thy mercies fail us not ;
But in doubt's distrustful hour,
Magnify thy love and power.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

Hebrews 12: 2.

Thou, who didst stoop below,
To drain the cups of woe,
Wearing the form of frail mortality,—
Thy blessed labors done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth — passed to thy home on
high.

Man may no longer trace,
In thy celestial face,
The image of the bright, the viewless One ;
Nor may thy servants hear,
Save with faith's raptured ear,
Thy voice of tenderness, God's holy Son !

Our eyes behold thee not ;
Yet hast thou not forgot,
Those who have placed their hope, their trust in
thee ;
Before thy Father's face,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That where thou art, there they may also be.

It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Belovéd of the Father, thou didst tread ;

And shall we in dismay,
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

O, thou, who art our life,
Be with us through the strife !
Was not thy head by earth's fierce tempests
bowed ?
Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.

Even through the awful gloom,
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be ;
Our spirits shall not dread,
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.

LOVE TO CHRIST.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ ? — *Rom. 8: 35.*

THOUGH sorrows rise and dangers roll
In waves of darkness o'er my soul ;
Though friends are false and love decays,
And few and evil are my days ;

Though conscience, fiercest of my foes,
Swell's with remembered guilt my woes ;
Yet even in nature's utmost ill,
I love thee, Lord ! I love thee still !

Though Sinai's curse, in thunder dread,
Peals o'er mine unprotected head,
And memory points, with busy pain,
To grace and mercy given in vain ;
Till nature, shrinking in the strife,
Would fly to hell to 'scape from life ;
Though every thought has power to kill,
I love thee, Lord ! I love thee still !

O, by the pangs thyself hast borne,
The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn ;
By Sinai's curse, whose dreadful doom
Was buried in thy guiltless tomb ;
By these my pangs, whose healing smart
Thy grace hath planted in my heart —
I know, I feel, thy bounteous will,
Thou lov'st me, Lord ! Thou lov'st me still !

SUFFERING WITH CHRIST.

That I may know the fellowship of his sufferings. — *Phil. 5: 10.*

LONG plunged in sorrow, I resign
My soul to that dear hand of thine,
Without reserve or fear;
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes,
Or into smiles of glad surprise,
Transform the falling tear!

My sole possession is thy love:
In earth beneath, or heaven above,
I have no other store:
And though with fervent suit I pray,
And importune thee night and day,
I ask thee nothing more.

My hours with undiminished force
And speed, pursue their destined course,
Obedient to thy will;
Nor would I murmur at my doom,
Though still a sufferer from the womb,
And doomed to suffer still.

By thy command, where'er I stray,
Sorrow attends me all my way,
A never-failing friend;
And if my sufferings may augment
Thy praise, behold me well content —
Let sorrow still attend!

It costs me no regret, that she
Who followed Christ, should follow me ;
And though, where'er she goes,
Thorns spring spontaneous at her feet,
I love her, and extract a sweet
From all my bitter woes.

PATIENCE.

But let patience have her perfect work. — *James 1: 4.*

O THOU, to wisdom near allied,
A female virtue void of pride,
Though more, a grace, divine ;
Virtue or grace, whiche'er thou art,
The frequent sigh that rends my heart,
Proves that thou art not mine.

Though here no furious passion sways,
Too oft a startling tear betrays
A pang that should not be :
Though no resentment holds her seat,
Too apt the unequal pulse to beat,
Sweet Patience not to thee.

Could reason and her powers of thought
Calm the quick sense to anguish brought,
Soon would the tumult cease ;

Pride might control the wayward will,
And bid the rising storm be still,
 But vainly whispers peace.

'T is thine, O Patience, to endure
The ills which reason cannot cure,
 The trespass unforgiven,
The cold neglect, the taunting sneer ;
Stingless the insult meets his ear,
 Whose eyes are fixed on heaven.

Fixed on that dear availing sign,
Where once thy suffering Lord and mine,
 Bowed his meek head and died ;
Vain follower of thy suffering Lord,
Think of his life, his death record,
 And blush that e'er you sighed.

CHASTISEMENT.

As many as I love I rebuke and chasten. — *Rev. 3: 19.*

GLORY to the righteous God —
 Righteous, yet benign to me !
Still, in his paternal rod,
 His paternal love I see ;

Let him tenderly chastise,
Let him graciously reprove —
Father, all within me cries,
‘ All thy ways are truth and love.’

Humbled in the lowest deep,
Thee I for my sufferings bless ;
Think of all thy love, and weep
For my own unfaithfulness :
I have most rebellious been,
Thou hast laid thy hand on me —
Kindly visited my sin,
Scourged the wanderer back to thee.

Taught obedience to my God,
By the things I have endured,
Meekly now I kiss the rod,
Wounded by that rod and cured ;
Good for me the grief and pain,
Let me but thy grace adore,
Keep the pardon I regain,
Stand in awe and sin no more.

'GOD IS LOVE.'

1 John 4: 8.

'T is sweet when cloudless suns arise,
As through the vale we move ;
But, O ! more sweet to recognize,
Through dreary nights and starless skies,
The smiling face of Love !

I hail the breeze that soft and clear,
Wafts influence from above ;
But chief the storm delighted hear,
While breathes o'er faith's attentive ear,
The whispering voice of Love !

When health invigorates the frame,
Let joy the bliss improve ;
But torturing pain, and fever's flame,
With teaching power alike proclaim,
The tender hand of Love !

Thou canst not weep, frail child of clay,
Such blessings taught to prove ;
Each cloud that dims thy upward way,
Shall more endear the glorious day,
That gilds the land of Love !

'O BRING ME OUT OF MY DISTRESSES!'

Psalm 25: 17.

THOU man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canst thyself forget—
Thy last mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat;
When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load;
Thy feeble flesh abhorred to bear
The wrath of an Almighty God.

Father! if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire:
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my sins expire:
I tremble lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my sinful soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.

To thee my last distress I bring:
The heightened fear of death I find:
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
Appears, and hell is close behind!
I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee!
O, save, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me!

'A LIVING SACRIFICE.'

Romans 12: 1.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in three, and three in one,
As by the celestial host
Let thy will on earth be done :
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven !

Vilest of the fallen race,
Lo ! I answer to thy call :
Meanest vessel of thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all —
Lo, I come to do thy will,
All thy counsel to fulfil.

If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive :
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have and all I am.

Take my soul's and body's powers,
Take my memory, mind, and will ;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel ;
All I think, and speak, and do :
Take my heart — but make it new !

Now, O God, thine own I am :
Now I give thee back thine own —
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone :
Thine I live, thrice happy I —
Happier still, when thine I die.

BELIEVING IN HOPE.

Who against hope believed in hope. — *Romans 4: 18.*

Who is the weak believer, who
Doth still his weary way pursue ;
Inspired with true religious fear,
And following Christ with heart sincere ?
Obedient to thy Saviour's voice,
Yet canst thou not in him rejoice,
Nor taste the comforts of his grace,
Nor find a God who hides his face.

Jesus is vanished from thy sight —
No glimpse of bliss or gleam of light,
To cheer thee in the desert way,
Or promise a return of day.
No evidence of things unseen,
But wars without and fears within —
No witness of thy sins forgiven,
No ray of hope on this side heaven !

Poor, tempted soul, what canst thou do?
Hope against hope, that God is true:
His nature in his name confess,
His wisdom, power, and righteousness.
The Lord, whom now thou canst not see,
Whate'er he is, he is for thee:
Expect, and thou shalt surely prove
That God in Christ is perfect love.

‘WATCH YE.’

1 Cor. 16: 13.

WHEN summer decks thy path with flowers,
And pleasure’s smile is sweetest;
When not a cloud above thee lowers,
And sunshine leads thy happy hours,
Thy happiest and thy fleetest;
watch thou, then, lest pleasure’s smile
Thy spirit of its hope beguile.

When round thee gathering storms are nigh,
And grief thy days hath shaded;
When earthly joys but bloom to die,
And tears suffuse thy weeping eye,
And hope’s bright bow hath faded;
O, watch thou, then, lest anxious care
Invade thy heart, and rankle there.

Through all life's scenes, through weal and woe,
Through days of mirth and sadness ;
Where'er thy wandering footsteps go —
O ! think how transient here below
Thy sorrow and thy gladness ;
And watch thou always, lest thou stray
From him who points the heavenward way.

BETHESDA.

John 5 : 2-9.

AROUND Bethesda's healing wave,
Waiting to hear the rustling wing
Which spoke the angel nigh, who gave
Its virtues to that holy spring, —
With earnest, fixéd solitude,
Were seen the afflicted multitude.

Among them there was one, whose eye
Had often seen the waters stirred,
Whose heart had often heaved the sigh,
The bitter sigh of hope deferred,
Beholding, while he suffered on,
The healing virtue given — and gone.

No power had he ; no friendly aid
To him its timely succor brought ;

But, while his coming he delayed,
Another won the boon he sought ; —
Until the Saviour's love was shown,
Which healed him by a word alone !

Had they who watched and waited there
Been conscious who was passing by,
With what unceasing, anxious care
Would they have sought his pitying eye ;
And craved, with fervency of soul,
His sovereign power to make them whole.

But, habit and tradition swayed
Their mind to trust to sense alone ;
They only sought the angel's aid ;
While in their presence stood, unknown,
A greater, mightier far, than he, —
With power from grief and pain to free.

Bethesda's pool has lost its power,
No angel by his glad descent,
Dispenses that diviner dower,
Which, with its healing waters went ;
But he, whose word surpassed its wave,
Is still omnipotent to save.

MIZPAH.

The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.—*Gen. 31: 49.*

WHEN friend from friend is parting,
And in each speaking eye
The silent tears are starting,
To tell what words deny ;
How could we bear the heavy load
Of such heart-agony,
Could we not cast it all, our God,
Our gracious God, on thee ?
And feel that thou kind watch will keep
When we are far away ;
That thou wilt soothe us when we weep,
And hear us when we pray.

Yet oft these hearts will whisper,
That better 't would betide,
If we were near the friends we love,
And watching by their side ;
But sure thou 'lt love them dearer, Lord,
For trusting thee alone ;
And sure thou wilt draw nearer, Lord,
The further we are gone.
Then why be sad ? since thou wilt keep
Watch o'er them day by day ;
Since thou wilt soothe *them* when they weep,
And hear *us* when we pray.

O, for that bright and happy land,
Where, far amid the blest,
'The wicked cease from troubling, and
'The weary are at rest.'
Where friends are never parted,
Once met around thy throne ;
And none are broken-hearted,
Since all, with thee, are one !
Yet, O, till then, watch o'er us keep,
While far from thee away ;
And soothe us, Lord, oft as we weep,
And hear us when we pray.

HOME.

Then the disciples went away unto their own home.—*John 20: 10.*

WHERE burns the fire-side brightest,
Cheering the social breast ?
Where beats the fond heart lightest,
Its humble hopes possessed ?
Where is the hour of sadness
With meek-eyed patience borne ?
Worth more than those of gladness,
Which mirth's gay cheeks adorn !
Pleasure is marked by fleetness,
To those who ever roam ;
While grief itself has sweetness,
At home — sweet home !

There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,—
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits, when most brief :
There, eyes, in all their splendor,
Are vocal to the heart ;
And glances, bright and tender,
Fresh eloquence impart :
Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure ?
O ! do not widely roam ;
But seek that hidden treasure
At home — sweet home !

Does pure religion charm thee
Far more than aught below ?
Would'st thou that she should arm thee
Against the hour of woe ?
Her dwelling is not only
In temples built for prayer ;
For home itself is lonely,
Unless her smiles be there :
Wherever we may wander,
'T is all in vain we roam,
If worshipless her altar
At home — sweet home !

THE BIBLE.

The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.—*Psalm 119: 72.*

PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford!
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword:
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I need no more.

Food, to which the world 's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloys:
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed.

When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing med'cines here I find:
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield,
For the word of consolation,
Is to me a mighty shield:
While the Scripture-truths are sure,
From his malice I 'm secure.

Shall I envy then, the miser,
Doating on his golden store ?
Sure I am, or should be, wiser ;
I am rich, 't is he is poor :
Jesus gives me in his word,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.

FAMILY HARMONY.

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity ! — *Psalm 133: 1.*

O ! sweet as vernal dews, that fill
The closing buds on Zion's hill,
When evening clouds draw thither, —
So sweet, so heavenly 't is, to see
The members of one family
Live peacefully together !

The children, like the lily flowers,
On which descend the sun and showers,
Their hues of beauty blending, —
The parents, like the willow boughs,
On which the lovely foliage grows,
Their friendly shade extending.

But leaves the greenest will decay, —
And flowers the brightest fade away,
When autumn winds are sweeping ;

And be the household e'er so fair,
The hand of death will soon be there,
And turn the scene to weeping !

Yet leaves again will clothe the trees,
And lilies wave beneath the breeze,
When spring comes smiling hither :
And friends, who parted at the tomb,
May yet renew their loveliest bloom,
And meet in heaven together !

THE COURTS OF THE LORD.

Psalm 84.

PLEASANT are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love ;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints ;
For the brightness of thy face,
King of Glory, God of grace !

Happy birds, that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O most High !
Happier souls, that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast !
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,

They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls ! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe,
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies ;
On they go, from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length,
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin ;
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart :
Grace and glory flow from thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

And thou shalt call his name Jesus ; for he shall save his people from
their sins. — *Matt. 1: 21.*

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

Dear name, the rock on which I build ;
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace !

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

SICKNESS REGRETTED ON THE SABBATH.

When shall I come and appear before God ? — *Psalm 42: 2.*

I HEAR the bells, I see them go,
I may not join the throng
Of faithful Christians here below,
Nor hear the grateful song,
Which in those sacred walls they raise
Unto our blessed Redeemer's praise.

Dare I repine, or think it hard,
By sickness and by pain,
That I should be so long debarred
Treading those courts again ?
O, no ! it is my Father's will,
'T is his command, my heart be still.

For well I know his love is raised
Beyond what we can feel ;
His word is sure, his truth engaged
The weak to raise and heal.
I know that his almighty power
Surrounds and guards me every hour.

In weakness, Lord, be thou my strength ;
And when it is thy will,
In health to raise me up at length,
Make me to praise thee still ;
And feel, that thy afflicting rod
Has drawn me nearer to my God.

And when life's weary path is trod,
Its fleeting shadows past ;
May I repose on thee, my God,
In perfect peace, at last !
Then shall I know, then shall I see,
That all has worked for good to me.

THE FOUNTAIN OPENED.

In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness.— *Zeck.* 13: 1.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then, in a nobler sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save ;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

DETAINED FROM THE SANCTUARY.

For I had gone with the multitude ; I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy day. — *Psalm 42: 4.*

SWEET Sabbath bells ! I love your voice, —
You call me to the house of prayer ;
Oft have you made my heart rejoice,
When I have gone to worship there.

But now, a prisoner of the Lord,
His hand forbids, I cannot go ;
Yet may I here his love record,
And here the sweets of worship know.

Each place alike is holy ground,
Where prayer from humble souls is poured ;
Where praise awakes its silver sound,
Or God is silently adored.

His sanctuary is the heart, —
There, with the contrite, will he rest ;
Lord, come, a Sabbath frame impart,
And make thy temple in my breast.

THE INVITATION.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money ; come ye, buy and eat ; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price. — *Isaiah 55 : 1.*

COME, let us seek in grace to grow,
If we the Lord have known ;
That we may more of Jesus know,
And still be pressing on.

Though holy deeds and fruits of grace
Are in believers found ;
'T is Christ's command, that they increase,
And more and more abound.

When works of righteousness below
Are made our chief employ,
Stronger and stronger we shall grow,
And find increasing joy.

The righteous, blest with light divine,
Shall prosper ; and their way
Brighter and brighter still shall shine,
To glory's perfect day.

SLEEP.

So he giveth his beloved sleep. — *Psalm 127: 2.*

Of all the thoughts of God, that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,—
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace surpassing this —
'He giveth his beloved sleep?'

What would we give to *our* beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,—
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,—
The senate's shout for patriot vows,—
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
'He giveth his beloved sleep.'

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, not all improved,—
A little dust, to over weep,—
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake?
'He giveth his beloved sleep?'

Sleep soft, beloved! we sometimes say;
But have no power to charm away
Sad dreams, that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
'He giveth his beloved sleep.'

O earth, so full of dreary noises !
 O men, with wailing in your voices !
 O delvéd gold, the wailer's heap !
 O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall !
 God makes a silence through you all,
 And ' giveth his beloved sleep.'

His dews drop mutely on the hill, —
 His cloud above it saileth still, —
 Though on its slope men toil and reap ;
 More softly than the dew is shed,
 Or cloud is floated overhead,
 ' He giveth his beloved sleep.'

Yea ! men may wonder while they scan
 A living, thinking, feeling man,
 Sufficient such a rest to keep ;
 But angels say — and, through the word,
 The motion of their smile is heard, —
 ' He giveth his beloved sleep.'

For me, my heart, that erst did go
 Most like a tiréd child at a show,
 Seeing, through tears, the juggler leap, —
 Would fain its wearied vision close,
 And, childlike, on his love repose,
 Who ' giveth his beloved sleep.'

And friends, dear friends ! when it shall be,
 That this low breath is gone from me, —
 When round my bier ye come to weep ;
 Let one, most loving of you all,
 Say, — ‘ Not a tear must o’er her fall,’ —
 ‘ He giveth his beloved sleep.’

‘ IF CHRIST IS MINE.’

Canticles 2: 16.

‘ If CHRIST is mine,’ then all is mine,
 And more than angels know ;
 Both present things, and things to come,
 And grace and glory, too.

‘ If he is mine,’ then, though he frown,
 He never will forsake ;
 His chastisements all work for good,
 And but his love bespeak.

‘ If he is mine,’ I need not fear
 The rage of earth and hell ;
 He will support my feeble frame,
 And all their power repel.

‘ If he is mine,’ let friends forsake,
 And earthly comforts flee ;
 He, the dispenser of all good,
 Is more than these to me.

‘If he is mine,’ I’ll fearless pass
Through death’s tremendous vale ;
He ’ll be my comfort and my stay,
When heart and flesh shall fail.

Let Christ assure me ‘he is mine,’
I nothing want beside ;
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

EVENING.

Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense ; and the lifting up of
my hands as the evening sacrifice. — *Psalm 141: 2.*

FATHER ! by thy love and power,
Comes again the evening hour ;
Light has vanished, labors cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace.
Thou, whose genial dews distil
On the lowliest weed that grows,
Father ! guard our couch from ill,
Lull thy children to repose ;
We to thee ourselves resign,
Let our latest thoughts be thine.

Saviour ! to thy Father bear
This, our feeble evening prayer ;
Thou hast seen how oft, to-day,
We, like sheep, have gone astray ;

Worldly thoughts, and thoughts of pride,
Wishes to thy cross untrue ;
Secret faults, and undescried,
Meet thy spirit-piercing view ;
Blessed Saviour ! yet, through thee,
Pray that these may pardoned be.

Holy Spirit ! breath of balm !
Fall on us in evening's calm ;
Yet awhile, before we sleep,
We, with thee, will vigils keep ;
Lead us on our sins to muse,
Give us truest penitence ;
Then the love of God infuse,
Breathing humble confidence ;
Melt our spirits, mould our will, —
Soften, strengthen, comfort still.

Blessed Trinity ! be near,
Through the hours of darkness drear ;
When the help of man is far,
Ye more clearly present are ; —
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Watch o'er our defenceless head ;
Let your angels, guardian host,
Keep all evil from our bed,
Till the flood of morning rays
Wake us to a song of praise.

THE HEAD SICK, THE HEART FAINT.

Isaiah 1: 5.

BEFORE thy footstool kneeling,
To thee, O Lord, we cry ;
While for thy gift of healing
We raise our voice on high ;
Diseases and afflictions
Thy ready servants are ;
Chastisements and corrections,
To quicken us in prayer.

We own our guilt and folly,
But thou canst still forgive ;
And thou, most high and holy,
Canst bid the sick revive :
Though now cast down in sorrow,
In darkness and distress,
Joy may return to-morrow,
Through thy restoring grace.

As suppliants now before thee,
In thy great name we plead ;
Physician, we adore thee,
And, trembling, ask thine aid.
Before thy footstool kneeling,
To thee, to thee, we cry ;
Send down thy gift of healing, —
On thee, our souls rely.

EVENING TIME.

It shall come to pass, that at evening there shall be light.—*Zech. 14: 7.*

At evening time, let there be light;
Life's little day draws near its close;
Around me fall the shades of night,
The night of death, the grave's repose;
To crown my joys, to end my woes,
At evening time, let there be light.

At evening time, let there be light;
Stormy and dark hath been my day;
Yet, rose the morn divinely bright,—
Dews, birds, and blossoms, cheered the way;
O, for one sweet, one parting ray,—
At evening time, let there be light.

At evening time, there *shall* be light,
For God hath spoken — it must be;
Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight,
His glory now is risen on me;
Mine eyes shall his salvation see;
'T is evening time, — and there *is* light.

SICKNESS AND HEALING.

Healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people.—*Matthew 4: 23.*

How frail are these bodies of clay !
How soon all their vigor is lost !
They flourish in beauty to-day —
To-morrow, they mingle with dust.

So flowers, in the morning, may rise,
Unfolding their leaves to the sun ;
While the breath of each zephyr that sighs,
May blast them, and soon they are gone.

Afflictions spring not from the ground, —
Diseases our sovereign obey ;
His hand can heal every wound,
Or fill us with death and dismay.

We lie at thy sovereign control,
O Lord, in this hour of distress ;
Physician of body and soul,
Send down thy recovering grace.

O, speak, and the dying shall live,
Jehovah, almighty to save ;
At thy voice, e'en the dead shall revive,
And triumph, at last, o'er the grave.

MIDNIGHT HYMN.

At midnight I will rise to give thanks unto thee, because of thy righteous judgments.—*Psalm 119: 62.*

In the mid silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee;
Whom, in the darkness, doth my spirit seek,
O God, but thee ?

And, if there be a weight upon my breast,
Some vague impression of the day foregone,
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to thee,
And lay it down.

Or, if it be the heaviness, that comes
In token of anticipated ill,—
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 't is thy will.

For, O, in spite of past or present care,
Or any thing beside,— how joyfully
Passes that silent, solitary hour,
My God, with thee.

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blest than any thing, my bosom lies
Beneath thy power.

For, what is there on earth, that I desire,
Of all that it can give, or take from me ?
Or whom, in heaven, doth my spirit seek,
O God, but thee ?

NIGHT.

The morning cometh, and also the night. — *Isa. 21: 12.*

NIGHT is the time to muse ;
Then, from the eye, the soul
Takes flight ; and, with expanded views,
Beyond the starry pole,
Descries, athwart the abyss of night,
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray ;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away,
So will his followers do ;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death ;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease ;
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends, — such death be mine.

MORNING.

The morning cometh, and also the night. — *Isa. 21: 12.*

MORN is the time to think,
While thoughts are fresh and free,
Of life, just balanced on the brink
Of dark eternity ;
And ask our souls, if they are meet
To stand before the judgment-seat.

Morn is the time to die, —
Just at the dawn of day,
When stars are fading in the sky,
To fade, like them, away ;
But, lost in light, more brilliant far,
Than ever merged the morning star.

Morn is the time to rise, —
The resurrection morn,
Upspringing to the glorious skies,
On new-found pinions borne,
To meet a Saviour's smile divine, —
Be such ecstatic rising mine.

AUTUMNAL HYMN.

And we all do fade as a leaf. — *Isa. 64: 6.*

THE leaves around me falling,
Are preaching of decay ;
The hollow winds are calling,
‘ Come, pilgrim, come away ! ’
The day, in night declining,
Says, I must, too, decline ;
The year, its life resigning, —
Its lot foreshadows mine.

The light my path surrounding,
The loves, to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys, that round me wing, —
All melt, like stars of even,
Before the morning’s ray, —
Pass upward into heaven,
And chide at my delay.

The friends, gone there before me,
Are calling from on high ;
And joyous angels o’er me,
Tempt sweetly to the sky.
‘ Why wait,’ they say, ‘ and wither,
’ Mid scenes of death and sin ?
O, rise to glory, hither,
And find true life begin.’

I hear the invitation,
And fain would rise and come,—
A sinner to salvation;
An exile to his home:
But, while I here must linger,
Thus, thus let all I see
Point on, with faithful finger,
To heaven, O Lord, and thee.

BIRTH OF A CHILD.

Yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.—*Job 5: 7.*

GENTLE stranger! fearless come
To our quiet, happy home;—
Bud of being, beauty's flower,
Sprung to birth this smiling hour,—
While upon thy form we gaze,
Grateful thoughts to heaven we raise.

Nothing, yet, thine eyes can see,
Of the world's dread mystery;
Of the tumult and the strife,
That imbitter human life;—
But thy Maker's eye can view
Present scenes, and future, too.

Little can thy bosom know
Of the pangs and griefs, that flow

From a heart impure within,—
From a world defiled by sin;
Yet, if trembling life is spared,
Heaven, in mercy, be thy guard.

Saviour! from thy heavenly throne,
Smile upon this little one;
Let thy spirit be its guide,—
Let its wants be well supplied;
Cleanse it by thy precious blood,—
Fit it for thy high abode.

A FATHER'S PRAYER.

Come down, ere my child die. — *John 4: 49.*

JESUS, great healer of mankind,
Who dost our sorrows bear;
Let an afflicted parent find
An answer to his prayer.

I look for help in thee alone,
To thee for succor fly;
My son is sick,— my darling son,
And at the point to die.

By deep distress a suppliant made,
By agony of grief,—
Most justly might thy love upbraid
My lingering unbelief.

Surely, if thou pronounce the word,
If thou the answer give,
My dying son shall be restored,
And to thy glory live.

O, save the father, in the son,
Restore him, Lord, to me ;
My heart the miracle shall own,
And give him back to thee.

THE DYING SON.

And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept. — *2 Sam. 18: 33.*

AND must thou die, my darling boy?
I see the fatal shade,
That o'er thy blooming cheek of joy
The hand of death has laid :
And soon the appointed hour must come,
To bear thy ransomed spirit home.

I loved to gaze upon thy face,
And mark thine open brow,
Where care as yet had stamped no trace,
To picture human woe :
There, all was peaceful, all was fair,
Like the sweet smile, that rested there.

Must I no more behold that smile,
Nor feel thy hand entwine,
In fond, endearing love, awhile,
Its gentle clasp in mine ?
Or see thine ardent spirit glow
With joys, that only youth can know ?

But these are selfish thoughts, that wrong
A Christian parent's love ;
Vain thoughts, that suit the worldly throng,
Who never look above
Earth's bounded scene — earth's narrow
sphere,
But centre all their treasures here.

Let me not mourn, that thou wilt be
A tenant of the sky, —
Escaped from life's tumultuous sea,
And frail mortality :
When storms arise, and tempests blow,
No adverse gale thy bark shall know.

Let me rejoice, to think that thou
Hast early joined the blest ;
Before thy youthful heart could know
Aught to disturb its rest, —
Before earth's chilling storms had given
A blight to fruit prepared for heaven.

BY THE BED-SIDE OF A SICK CHILD.

David, therefore, besought God for the child.—2 Sam. 12: 16.

Now all is done, that love, and care,
And skilful kindness could suggest ;
And he, who heard our anxious prayer,
Will answer as his love thinks best :
O, that both hopes and fears were still,
Waiting on his mysterious will.

And yet, both hopes and fears will crowd
Around that bright and precious child ;
And both will speak their thoughts aloud,
Till this distracted heart is wild :
O, might they all give place to one
Heart-filling prayer,—‘ God’s will be done.’

Sometimes a dream of what may be,
Comes, like soft sunshine, o’er the heart ;
I hear his prattle at my knee,
Feel his warm cheek near mine, and start
To find it — ah ! so cold and pale,
That hope (and well-nigh faith) doth fail.

And then, again, the dream returns,—
Childhood and youth are safely o’er ;
His eye with manhood’s ardor burns,
Fears hover round his path no more :
Hopes, with their buds and blossoms, all
Burst, where his bounding footsteps fall.

He seems to speak — with anxious ear,
My very heart waits breathless by ;
His lips are parted,— and I hear,
My precious babe, thy restless cry ; —
E'en hope, affrighted, flees away,
As if it had no heart to stay.

Come, then, my God, and take the place
Of these distracting hopes and fears ;
Establish this trembling heart with grace,
Dry with thine hand these falling tears ;
And teach me to confide in thee
The treasure thou couldst trust with me.

Happy if, rescued from the strait
Of being called on to decide,
Here, with submissive soul, I wait,
By thy decision to abide, —
Life, with its blessings and its pain,
Or death, with its 'to die is gain.'

FOR MY MOTHER.

Despise not thy mother when she is old. — *Prov. 23: 22.*

O, how soft that bed must be,
Made in sickness, Lord, by thee ;
And that rest, how calm, how sweet,
Where Jesus and the sufferer meet.

It was the good Physician now
 Soothed thy cheek and chafed thy brow ;
 Whispering, as he raised thy head, —
 ' It is I, be not afraid.'

God of glory, God of grace,
 Hear from heaven, thy dwelling-place ;
 Hear, in mercy, and forgive,
 Bid thy child believe, and live.

Bless her, and she shall be blest,
 Soothe her, and she shall have rest ;
 Fix her heart, her hopes, above,
 Love her, Lord, for thou art love.

THE AGED.

Now, also, when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not ;
 until I have showed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power
 to every one that is to come. — *Psalm 71: 18.*

With years oppressed, with sorrows worn,
 Dejected, harassed, sick, forlorn,
 To thee, O God, I pray ;
 To thee my withered hands arise,
 To thee I lift these failing eyes,
 O cast me not away !

Thy mercy heard my infant prayer,
Thy love, with all a mother's care,
 Sustained my childish days,
Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,
And formed my heart to love thy truth,
 And filled my lips with praise.

O, Saviour! has thy grace declined?
Can years affect the Eternal mind?
 Or time its lone decay?
A thousand ages pass thy sight,
And all their long and weary flight
 Is gone like yesterday.

Then, even in age and grief, thy name
Shall still my languid heart inflame,
 And bow my faltering knee.
O, yet this bosom feels the fire,
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
 Have yet a strain for thee.

Yes, broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice transported shall record
 Thy goodness tried so long:
Till sinking slow, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
 Into a seraph's song.

THE DYING FATHER.

Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive ; and let thy widows trust in me.—*Jeremiah 49: 11.*

O, THOU faithful God of love !
Gladly I thy promise plead ;
Waiting for my last remove,
Hastening to the happy dead :
Lo, I cast on thee my care,
Breathe my latest breath in prayer !

Trusting in thy word alone,
I to thee my children leave ;
Call my little ones thine own,
To them all thy blessings give :
Keep them while on earth they breathe,
Save their souls from endless death.

Whom I to thy grace commend,
Under thy protection take :
Be her sure, immortal friend ;
Save her for my Saviour's sake :
Free from sin, from sorrow free,
Let my widow trust in thee.

Father of the fatherless,
Husband of the widow prove ;
Me and mine vouchsafe to bless,
Tell me, we shall meet above :
Seal the promise on my heart,
Bid me then in peace depart !

CONVALESCENCE.

For indeed he was sick nigh unto death ; but God had mercy on him.

Phil. 2: 27.

ALL hail ! thou length'ner of my days !
Thy still preserving love I praise ;
And thankfully receive
The present of my life restored :
O, may I spend it for thee, Lord,
And to thy glory live !

No other end of life I'd know,
Nor would I live one hour below
But to declare thy praise ;
To suffer all thy holy will,
And all thy counsel to fulfil,
And publish all thy grace.

LET HER DEPART.

While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen. — *2 Cor. 4: 18.*

HER home is far, O, far away !
The clear light in her eyes
Hath nought to do with earthly day,
'T is kindled from the skies.
Let her depart !

She looks upon the things of earth,
Even as some gentle star
Seems gazing down on grief or mirth,
How softly, yet how far!
Let her depart!

Her spirit's hope — her bosom's love —
O, could they mount and fly!
She never sees a wandering dove,
But for its wings to sigh.
Let her depart!

She never hears a soft wind bear
Low music on its way,
But deems it sent from heavenly air,
For her who cannot stay.
Let her depart!

Wrapt in a cloud of glorious dreams,
She breathes and moves alone,
Pining for those bright bowers and streams
Where her beloved is gone.
Let her depart!

THE SICK CHILD TO HIS MOTHER.

They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.—*Heb. 11: 16.*

‘ I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou call’st its children a happy band;
Mother! O, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance thro’ the myrtle boughs?’
‘ Not there, not there, my child!’

‘ Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or ’midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?’
‘ Not there, not there, my child!’

‘ Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o’er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?’
‘ Not there, not there, my child!’

‘ Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;

Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!'

THE SLEEPER.

For there is that neither day nor night seeth sleep. — *Eccles. 8: 16.*

O! lightly, lightly tread!
A holy thing is sleep,
On the worn spirit shed,
And eyes that wake to weep.

A holy thing from heaven,
A gracious, dewy cloud;
A covering mantle, given
The weary to enshroud.

O! lightly, lightly tread!
Revere the pale, still brow,
The meekly drooping head,
The long hair's willowy flow!

Ye know not what ye do,
That call the slumberer back
From the world unseen by you,
Unto life's dim, faded track.

Her soul is far away,
In her childhood's land, perchance ;
Where her young sisters play,
Where shines her mother's glance.

Some old, sweet native sound,
Her spirit haply weaves,
A harmony profound,
Of woods with all their leaves.

A murmur of the sea,
A laughing tone of streams : —
Long may her sojourn be
In the music-land of dreams !

Each voice of love is there,
Each gleam of beauty fled,
Each lost one still more fair —
O ! lightly, lightly tread !

RETIRING TO REST.

Commune with your own heart upon your bed. — *Psalm 4: 4.*

It is good when we lay on our pillow our head,
And the silence of night all around us is spread,
To reflect on the deeds we have done through the
day,
Nor allow it to pass without profit away.

A day — what a trifle ! — and yet the amount
Of the days we have passed, forms an awful
account ;
And the time may arrive when the world we
would give,
Were it ours, might we have but another to live.

In whose service have we through the day been
employed,

And what were the pleasures we mostly enjoyed ?
Our desires and our wishes, to what did they tend,
To the world we are in, or the world without end ?

Hath the sense of His presence encompassed us
round,

Without whom not a sparrow can fall to the
ground ?

Have our hearts turned to him with devotion most
true,

Or been occupied only with things that we view ?

Have we often reflected how soon we must go,
To the mansions of bliss, or the regions of woe ?

Have we felt unto God a repentance sincere,
And in faith to the Saviour of sinners drawn near ?

Let us thus with ourselves solemn conference hold,
Ere sleep's silken fetters our senses enfold ;
And forgiveness implore for the sins of the day,
Nor allow them to pass unrepented away.

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

Ye have done it unto me.— *Matthew 25: 40.*

A poor wayfaring man of grief,
Hath often crossed me in my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer, nay:
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered; not a word he spake.
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all; he blessed and brake,
And ate—but gave me part again.
Mine was an angel's portion then;
For, while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone:
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran to raise the sufferer up,
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipt and returned it running o'er,
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'T was night, the floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirits, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; — he was healed —
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

I saw him next in prison, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him, 'midst shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die:
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried — 'I will!'

Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before my eyes!

He spoke, and my poor name he named ;
' Of me thou hast not been ashamed,
These deeds shall thy memorial be,
Fear not — thou didst them unto me.'

'WHY WEEPEST THOU ?'

John 20: 13.

BROKEN-HEARTED, weep no more !
Hear what comfort he hath spoken,
Smoking flax who ne'er hath quenched,
Bruised reed who ne'er hath broken : —
' Ye who wander here below,
Heavy laden as you go ;
Come, with grief, with sin oppressed,
Come to me and be at rest !'

Lamb of Jesus' blood-bought flock,
Brought again from sin and straying,
Hear the Shepherd's gentle voice —
' T is a true and faithful saying : —
' Greater love how can there be
Than to yield up life for thee ?
Bought with pain, and tear, and sigh,
Turn and live ! — why will ye die ?'

Broken-hearted, weep no more !
Far from consolation flying ;
He who calls hath felt thy wound,
Seen thy weeping, heard thy sighing : —
' Bring thy broken heart to me ;
Welcome offering it shall be ;
Streaming tears and bursting sighs,
Mine accepted sacrifice.'

JOY IN GOD.

I will be glad in the Lord. — *Psalm 104: 34.*

WHEN morning's first and hallowed ray
Breaks, with its trembling light,
To chase the pearly dews away,
Bright tear-drops of the night, —

My heart, O Lord, forgets to rove,
But rises, gladly free,
On wings of everlasting love,
And finds its home in thee.

When evening's silent shades descend,
And nature sinks to rest,
Still, to my Father and my friend
My wishes are addressed.

Though tears may dim my hours of joy,
And bid my pleasures flee,
Thou reign'st where grief cannot annoy ;
I will be glad in thee.

And e'en when midnight's solemn gloom,
Above, around is spread,
Sweet dreams of everlasting bloom
Are hovering o'er my head.

I dream of that fair land, O Lord,
Where all thy saints shall be ;
I wake to lean upon thy word,
And still delight in thee.

THE INQUIRY.

There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest.

Job 3: 17.

TELL me, ye wingéd winds,
That round my pathway roar, —
Do ye not know some spot,
Where mortals weep no more ?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest ?

The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity, as it answered, ' No.'

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,—
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island, far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss, for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lies,
And friendship never dies?

The loud waves, roaring in perpetual flow,
Stopped for awhile, and sighed to answer, 'No.'

And thou, serenest moon,
That, with such holy face,
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace,—
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?

Behind a cloud the moon withdrew, in woe,
And a sweet voice, but sad, responded, 'No.'

Tell me, my sacred soul,
O, tell me, hope and faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot,
Where mortals may be blessed,

Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest ?

Faith, hope, and love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered, ' Yes,'
— in heaven.

THE INVITATION.

And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say,
Come. And let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let
him take the water of life freely. — *Rev. 22: 17.*

' COME, WHO WILL,' — the voice from heaven,
Like a silver trumpet, calls ;
' COME, WHO WILL,' — the church hath given
Back the echo from the walls.

' Come,' to rivers ever flowing
From the high, eternal throne ;
' Come,' where God, his gifts bestowing,
In the church on earth is known.

Heavenly music — each who listens,
Longing for his spirit's home ;
While his eye with rapture glistens,
Burns to say, — ' I come, I come.'

EMPTY AND FLEETING.

Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, vanity of vanities ; all is vanity.
Eccl. 1: 2.

Ah, how empty, ah, how fleeting,
Is the *life* of mortal man !
Like the flow of rapid river,
Pausing in its pathway, never,—
So our days are flowing, ever.

Ah, how empty, ah, how fleeting,
Is the *joy* of sighing man !
Transient as a moment's treasure,
Mocking like a shadow's measure,—
So is man's uncertain pleasure.

Ah, how empty, ah, how fleeting,
Does all human *beauty* seem !
Like the form of fragile flower,
With'ring in an evil hour,—
So is beauty's fading power.

Ah, how empty, ah, how fleeting,
Is the *honor* of mankind !
Yesterday, the hero hoary
Was the theme of every story,—
Now he lies disrobed of glory.

Ah, how empty, ah, how fleeting,
Is the *wealth* of eager man !
Fire consumes while he is sleeping,
Floods come on, in fury sweeping,—
Man is left alone, and weeping.

Ah, how empty, ah, how fleeting,
Are the things of human life !
All things here together taken,
May be gone ere we awaken,—
Faith alone remains unshaken.

THE HEAVENLY REST.

There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God. — *Heb.* 4: 9.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,—
'T is found above — in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
'T is fair as breath of even ;
A couch, for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose, — in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven ;
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear, but heaven.

Then faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
 To brighter prospects given ;
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene, in heaven.

There, fragrant flowers, immortal, bloom,
 And joys supreme are given :
 There, rays divine disperse the gloom :
 Beyond the confines of the tomb,
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

CHRIST UNCHANGING.

Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever. — *Heb.* 13 : 8.

CHANGE is written everywhere,
 Time and death o'er all are ranging ;
 Seasons, creatures, all declare,
 Man is mortal, earth is changing.

Life, and all its treasures, seem
Like a sea in constant motion ;
Thanks for an eternal beam,
Shining o'er the pathless ocean.

One by one, although each name
Providence or death will sever ;
Jesus Christ is still the same,
Yesterday, to-day, forever.

HEAVEN ANTICIPATED.

Knowing in yourselves that ye have in heaven a better and an enduring substance. — *Heb. 10 : 34.*

Ah ! why this disconsolate frame ?
Though earthly enjoyments decay,
My Jesus is ever the same,
A sun in the gloomiest day.
Though molten awhile in the fire,
'T is only the gold to refine ;
And, be it my simple desire,
Though suffering, not to repine.

What can be the pleasure to me,
Which earth, in its fulness, can boast ?
Delusive, its vanities flee,
A flash of enjoyment, at most !

And, if the Redeemer could part,
For me, with his throne in the skies ;
Ah, why is so dear to my heart,
What he, in his wisdom, denies ?

Though riches to others be given,
Their corn and their vintage abound ;
Yet, if I have treasure in heaven,
Where should my affections be found ?
Why stoop for the glittering sands,
Which they are so eager to share,
Forgetting those wealthier lands,
That form my inheritance there ?

Dear Jesus, my feelings refine,
My truant affections recall ;
Then, be there no fruit on the vine,
Deserted and empty the stall ;
The long labored olive may die,
The field may no harvest afford ;
But, under the gloomiest sky,
My soul shall rejoice in the Lord.

Then let the rude tempest assail,
The blast of adversity blow ;
The haven, though distant, I hail,
Beyond this rough ocean of woe ;
When, safe on the beautiful strand,
I 'll smile at the billows, that foam ;
Kind angels to hail me to land,
And Jesus to welcome me home.

WHAT IS LIFE ?

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up ; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth. — *Psalm 90: 6.*

O, what is life ? — 'T is like a flower,
That blossoms, and is gone ;
It flourishes its little hour,
With all its beauty on ;
Death comes ; and, like a wintry day,
It cuts the lovely flower away.

O, what is life ? — 'T is like the bow,
That glistens in the sky ;
We love to see its colors glow,
But while we look, they die ;
Life fails as soon — to-day 't is here —
To-morrow it may disappear.

Lord, what is life ? — If spent with thee,
In humble praise and prayer ;
How long or short our life may be,
We feel no anxious care ;
Though life depart, our joys shall last,
When life, and all its joys, are past.

THE FLEETNESS OF LIFE.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten ; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow ; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away. — *Psalm 90 : 10.*

Behold,
How short a span,
Was long enough, of old,
To measure out the life of man ;
In those well tempered days, his life was then
Surveyed, cast up, and found but threescore years
and ten.

How vain,
How wretched is
Poor man, that doth remain
A slave to such a state as this ;
His days are short at longest, few at most,
They are but bad at best, yet lavished out or lost.

They be
The secret springs
That make our minutes flee
On wheels more swift than eagle's wings.
Our life's a clock ; and every gasp of breath
Breathes forth a warning grief, till time shall strike
a death.

How soon
 Our new-born light
 Attains to full-aged noon ;
 And this, how soon to gray-haired night ;
 We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast,
 Ere we can count our days, our days they flee so
 fast.

They end,
 When scarce begun ;
 And, ere we apprehend
 That we begin to live, our life is done ;
 Man ! count thy days ; and, if they fly too fast
 For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day
 thy last.

A THOUGHT ON DEATH.

One dieth in his full strength ; and another dieth in the bitterness of his soul. — *Job 21: 23, 25.*

When life, as opening buds, is sweet,
 And golden hopes the spirits greet,
 And youth prepares his joys to meet,
 Alas ! how hard it is to die.

When scarce is seized some borrowed prize,
 And duties press ; and tender ties
 Forbid the soul from earth to rise,
 How awful, then, it is to die.

When, one by one, those ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatched forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn,
Ah, then how easy 't is to die.

When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films, slow gathering, dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,
'T is nature's precious boon, to die.

When faith is strong, and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And visioned glories half appear,
'T is joy, 't is triumph, then, to die.

THE WORLD TO COME.

But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly. — *Heb. 11: 16.*

If all our hopes, and all our fears,
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound;
If, travellers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond, —
O, what could check the rising sigh,
What earthly thing could pleasure give?
O, who could venture then to die, —
Or, who could venture, then, to live?

Were life a dark and desert moor,
Where mists and clouds eternal spread
Their gloomy veil behind, before,
And tempests thunder overhead ;
Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,
And not a flow'ret smiles beneath, —
Who could exist in such a tomb,
Who dwell in darkness and in death ?

And such were life, without the ray
Of our divine religion given ;
'T is this, that makes our darkness day, —
'T is this that makes our earth a heaven ;
Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom ;
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from the world to come.

THINGS UNSEEN.

For the things which are seen are temporal ; but the things which are not seen are eternal. — 2 Cor. 4: 18.

THERE is a state unknown, unseen,
Where parted souls must be ;
And but a step may be between
That world of souls and me.

I see no light, I hear no sound,
When midnight shades are spread;
Yet, angels pitch their tents around,
And guard my quiet bed.

Jesus was wrapt from mortal gaze,
And clouds conveyed him hence;
Enthroned amid the sapphire blaze,
Beyond our feeble sense.

Yet say not, — Who shall mount on high,
To bring him from above?
For, lo ! the Lord is always nigh
The children of his love.

The Saviour, whom I long have sought,
And would, but cannot see;
And, is he here ? O, wondrous thought !
And will he dwell with me ?

I ask not, with my mortal eye,
To view the vision bright;
I dare not see thee, lest I die;
Yet, Lord, restore my sight.

Give me to see thee, and to feel
The mental vision clear;
The things unseen, reveal, reveal;
And let me know them near.

Impart the faith that soars on high,
Beyond this earthly strife,
That holds sweet converse with the sky,
And lives eternal life.

‘I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.’

Job 7: 16.

I WOULD not live alway — live alway below !
O no, I ’ll not linger, when bidden to go.
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here,
Are enough for life’s woes, full enough for its
cheer.

Would I shrink from the path which the prophets
of God,
Apostles, and martyrs, so joyfully trod ?
While brethren and friends are all hastening home,
Like a spirit unblest o’er the earth would I roam ?

I would not live alway — I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o’er the way ;
Where seeking for peace, we but hover around,
Like the patriarch’s bird, and no resting is found :
Where hope, when she paints her gay bow on the
air,

Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair,
And joy’s fleeting angel ne’er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him
away.

I would not live alway — thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within :
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory is mine ere I'm captive again.
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And my cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears :
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway — no, welcome the tomb ;
Immortality's lamp burns there bright mid the
gloom ;
There, too, is the pillow where Christ bowed his
head ;
O ! soft are the slumbers on that holy bed.
And then the glad dawn soon to follow that night,
When the sunrise of glory shall beam on my sight,
When the full matin song, as the sleepers arise
To shout in the morning, shall peal through the
skies.

Who, who would live alway ? away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns :
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the songs of salvation unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

That heavenly music ! what is it I hear ?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet in the air :
And see, soft unfolding those portals of gold ;
The King all arrayed in his beauty behold !
O ! give me, O ! give me the wings of a dove !
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above :
Ay, 't is now that my soul on swift pinions would
soar,
And in ecstacy bid earth adieu evermore.

'I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.'

Job 7: 16.

No, I would not always live,
Always sin, repent, and grieve,
Always in my dungeon groan,
Always serve a God unknown ;
Or if thou appear'st to me,
Darkly through a glass I see,
Know in part, and deeply mourn,
Till I to thy arms return.

Pardoned, still for sin I grieve,
Never can myself forgive :
Weeping, though my heart were pure,
Would I to the end endure,
Still lament and daily die,
Till my Saviour from the sky,
Wipe the gracious tears away,
Bear me to eternal day.

I AM WEARY.

For they that say such things, declare plainly that they seek a country.
Hebrews 11: 14.

I AM weary of straying — O, fain would I rest,
In the far distant land of the pure and the blest;
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations forever have fled.

I am weary of hoping — where hope is untrue :
As fair, but as fleeting as morning's bright dew ;
I long for that land whose blest promise alone
Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions that fade at their birth ;
O'er the pangs of the loved, that we cannot assuage ;
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of
age.

I am weary of loving what passes away —
The sweetest, the dearest, alas ! may not stay ;
I long for that land where these partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.

I am weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy love ;
O ! when shall I rest in thy presence above ?
I am weary — but O ! let me never repine,
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise
are mine.

DESIRING TO DEPART.

Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better.

Phil. 1 : 23.

WHEN shall my spirit fly away,
And reach its everlasting rest?
Time,— I would chide thy long delay,
Debarring all I love the best.

When shall I see my Saviour's face,
And be as pure as angels are;
Join the full song of saving grace,
And mingle with each heavenly star?

When shall I join the loved and lost,
Enthroned in everlasting light;
No more by pain and sickness tossed,
But changing faith and hope for sight.

Yet let impatience have no part
Within my breast, but may it be
'The full outbreathing of my heart,
God's work be perfected in me.'

Whatever I have yet to do,
I would not leave that work undone;
To act, to suffer, to pass through
God's will in all, and mine in none.

COMMITTING THE SOUL TO JESUS.

Lord Jesus, receive my spirit! — *Acts 7: 59.*

THOU, whose never-failing arm
 Led me all my earthly way,
Brought me out of every harm
 Safely to my closing day —
 Thou in whom I now believe,
 Jesus, Lord, my soul receive.

From this state of sin and pain,
 From this world of grief and strife,
From this body's mortal chain,
 From this weak, imperfect life,
 Thou in whom I now believe,
 Jesus, Lord, my soul receive.

To the mansions of thy love,
 To the spirits of the just,
To the angel hosts above,
 To THYSELF, my only trust —
 Thou in whom I now believe,
 Jesus, Lord, my soul receive.

DESIRING TO DEPART.

But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly : wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God ; for he hath prepared for them a city. — *Heb. 11 : 16.*

My soul, go boldly forth,
Forsake this sinful earth ;
What hath it been to thee
 But pain and sorrow ?
And think'st thou it will be
 Better to-morrow ?

Why art thou for delay ?
Thou cam'st not here to stay ;
What tak'st thou for thy part
 But heavenly pleasure ?
Where then should be thy heart,
 But where's thy treasure ?

Thy God, thy Head 's above ;
There is the world of love ;
Mansions there purchased are
 By Christ's own merit ;
For these he doth prepare
 Thee by his Spirit.

Lord Jesus, take my spirit ;
I trust thy love and merit ;

Take home thy wandering sheep,
 For thou hast sought it ;
 My soul in safety keep,
 For thou hast bought it.

LONGING TO BE WITH CHRIST.

Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ ; which is far better.
Phil. 1: 23.

To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
 My soul is in haste to be gone ;
 O, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
 And waft me away to his throne.

My Saviour, whom absent I love ;
 Whom, not having seen, I adore ;
 Whose name is exalted above
 All glory, dominion, and power :

Dissolve from these bonds, that detain
 My soul from her portion in thee ;
 Ah ! strike off this adamant chain,
 And make me eternally free.

When that happy era begins,
 When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
 Nor grieve any more by my sins,
 The bosom on which I recline :

O, then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured :
I shall meet him whom absent I loved,
I shall see whom unseen I adored.

And then, never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

Or, if yet remembered above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise ;
They will be but new signs of thy love,
New themes for my wonder and praise.

Thus the strokes which from sin and from pain,
Shall set me eternally free,
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain
Which binds me, my Saviour, to thee.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ ; which is far better.
Phil. 1: 23.

HASTE my spirit, fly away,
'T is thy gracious Saviour calls,
Leave this tenement of clay,
Quit its broken, shattered walls ;
Through these ruins I descry
Gleams of immortality.

Cease, my friends, to weep for me,
I should rather mourn for you ;
Every woe and sin I flee,
Christ and heaven are in my view ;
Dare not wish my soul to stay,
Angels beckon me away.

God hath sent his envoy, death,
Earthly blessings I resign ;
Lord, to thee I yield my breath,
Take this ransomed soul of mine ;
And my songs of joy shall be
Ceaseless as eternity.

‘TO LIVE IS CHRIST ; TO DIE IS GAIN.’

Phil. 1 : 21.

LET thoughtless thousands choose the road
That leads the soul away from God :
This happiness, O Lord, be mine,
To live and die entirely thine !

On Christ, by faith, my soul would live,
From him my life, my all receive ;
To him devote my fleeting hours,
Serve him alone with all my powers.

Christ is my everlasting all,
To him I look, on him I call;
He will my every want supply,
In time, and through eternity.

Soon will the Lord, my life, appear;
Soon shall I end my trials here.—
Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain:
'To live is Christ — to die is gain!'

Soon will the saints in glory meet;
Soon walk through every golden street;
And sing on every blissful plain,
'To live is Christ — to die is gain!'

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?
1 Cor. 15: 55.

'SPIRIT — leave thine house of clay!
Lingering dust, resign thy breath!
Spirit, cast thy chains away!
Dust, be thou dissolved in death.'
Thus the Almighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies!
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies!

‘ Prisoner, long detained below !
Prisoner, now with freedom blest !
Welcome, from a world of woe !
Welcome to a land of rest !’
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high !
While with hallelujahs, ring
All the region of the sky !

Grave, the guardian of our dust !
Grave, the treasury of the skies !
Every atom of thy trust,
Rests in hope again to rise !
Hark ! the judgment-trumpet calls !
‘ Soul, rebuild thy house of clay ;
Immortality thy walls,
And *eternity* thy day !’

THE DYING BELIEVER.

O death, where is thy sting ? — 1 Cor. 15 : 55.

DEATHLESS principle, arise !
Soar, thou native of the skies !
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,

Go to shine before his throne,
Deck his mediatorial crown ;
Go, his triumphs to adorn,
Born for God, to God return.

Lo, he beckons from on high !
Fearless to his presence fly ;
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God !
Angels joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend ;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven !

Is thy earthly house distrest ?
Willing to retain its guest ?
'T is not thou, but it, must die —
Fly celestial tenant, fly !
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away :
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on him ;
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar ;

Safe in the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffered shipwreck there !

See the haven full in view,
Love divine shall bear thee through ;
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thine anchor, spread thy sail :
Saints in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade :
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore !

Mount, their transports to improve,
Join the longing choir above,
Swiftly to their wish be given,
Kindle higher joy in heaven,—
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes !
Such the glorious vista faith
Opens through the shades of death !

SURRENDER AND DEPARTURE.

Into thy hand I commit my spirit : thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth. — *Psalm 31: 5.*

God of my life ! thy boundless grace,
Chose, pardoned, and adopted me ;
My rest, my home, my dwelling-place ;
Father ! I come to thee.

Jesus my hope, my rock, my shield !
Whose precious blood was shed for me,
Into thy hands my soul I yield ;
Saviour ! I come to thee.

Spirit of glory and of God !
Long hast thou deigned my guide to be ;
Now be thy comfort sweet bestowed ;
My God ! I come to thee.

I come to join that countless host,
Who praise thy name unceasingly ;
Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
My God ! I come to thee.

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? — *Acts 21: 13.*

WHEN the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me.

When the languid eye is straining,
Weep not for me.

When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing,
'T is the fettered soul's releasing;
Weep not for me.

When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me.

Christ is mine — he cannot fail me,
Weep not for me.

Yes, though sin and doubt endeavor,
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength — forever!
Weep not for me.

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? — *Acts 21: 13.*

O, weep not for me! I can never be blest,
Till my sorrowful spirit in Jesus shall rest;
Till this body of sin and of death be destroyed,
And the soul for its glory alone be employed.

O, weep not for me ! now my joys will begin ;
I shall know the full meaning of ceasing from sin ;
I shall know how the saints are made perfect in
love ;
And be spotless and pure as the angels above.

O, weep not for me ! soon my death-pangs will
cease,
And this suffering body will slumber in peace ;
My soul, even now, is in haste to be gone,
And her robe with the undefiled saints to put on.

O, weep not for me ! the glad moment is come,
Which tells me I am now made meet for my
home ;
My Saviour has willed I should now be removed,
His face to behold, whom unseen I have loved.

O, weep not for me ! I can welcome the pains
Which break every bond that my spirit detains ;
And ere long, by his own gracious hand, the last
tear
Will be wiped from these eyes, which so often
weep here.

FAREWELL.

And he shall go no more out. — *Rev. 3: 12.*

NAY, shrink not from the word, ‘farewell !’
As ’t were friendship’s final knell ;
Such fears may prove but vain :
So changeful is life’s fleeting day,
Whene’er we sever — hope may say
‘We part *to meet again !*’

Even the last parting earth can know,
Brings not unutterable woe,
To souls that heavenward soar ;
For humble faith with steadfast eye,
Points to a brighter world on high,
Where hearts that here at parting sigh,
May meet — *to part no more.*

THE DYING INFANT.

He shall tell thee what shall become of the child. — *1 Kings 14: 3.*

CEASE here longer to detain me,
Fondest mother, drowned in woe ;
Now thy kind caresses pain me,
Morn advances — let me go.

See yon orient streak appearing !
 Harbinger of endless day ;
Hark ! a voice, the darkness cheering,
 Calls my new-born soul away !

Lately launched, a trembling stranger,
 On the world's wild boisterous flood ;
Pierced with sorrows, tossed with danger,
 Gladly I return to God.

Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee ;
 Now my trembling heart find rest ;
Kinder arms than thine receive me,
 Softer pillows than thy breast.

Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,
 Upward turning toward their home :
Raptured they 'll forget all anguish,
 While they wait to see thee come.

There my mother, pleasures centre ;
 Weeping, parting, care or woe,
Ne'er our father's house shall enter :
 Morn advances — let me go.

As through this calm, this holy dawning,
 Silent glides my parting breath,
To an everlasting morning,
 Gently close my eyes in death.

Blessings endless, richest blessings,
Pour their streams upon thine heart,
(Though no language yet possessing,)
Breathes my spirit ere we part.

Yet to leave thee sorrowing rends me,
Though again his voice I hear:
Rise! may every grace attend thee;
Rise! and seek to meet me there.

THE DYING DAUGHTER.

For it is better for me to die than to live. — *Jonah* 4: 3.

My mother, look not on me now
With that sad, earnest eye:
Blame me not, mother; blame not thou
My heart's last wish — to die.

I cannot wrestle with the strife
I once had heart to bear;
And if I yield a youthful life,
Full hath it been of care.

Nay, weep not; on my brow is set,
The age of grief, not years:
Its furrows thou mayest wildly wet,
But ne'er wash out with tears.

And could'st thou see my weary heart,
Too weary even to sigh,
O! mother, mother, thou would'st start,
And say, 'T were best to die.'

I know 't is summer on the earth,
I hear a pleasant tune
Of waters in their chiming mirth ;
I feel the breath of June.

The roses through my lattice look ;
The bee goes singing by ;
The peasant takes his harvest hook —
Yet, mother, let me die.

There 's nothing in this time of flowers,
That hath a voice for me —
The whispering leaves, the sunny hours,
The bright, the glad, the free.

There 's nothing but thy own deep love,
And that will live on high ;
Then, mother, now my heart 's above —
Kind mother, let me die.

IMMORTALITY.

If a man die, shall he live again? — *Job 14: 14.*

IN the dust I'm doomed to sleep,
 But shall not sleep forever;
Fear may for a moment weep,
 Christian courage — never.
Years in rapid course shall roll,
 By time's chariot driven,
And my re-awakened soul
 Wing its flight to heaven.

What though o'er my mortal tomb,
 Clouds and mists be blending?
Sweetest hope shall chase the gloom,
 Hopes to heaven ascending.
These shall be my stay, my trust,
 Ever bright and vernal; —
Life shall blossom out of dust,
 Life and joy eternal.

THE POOR MAN'S DEATH-BED.

Yet no man remembered that same poor man. — *Eccles. 9: 15.*

TREAD softly! bow the head,
 In reverent silence bow!
No passing bell doth toll,
 Yet an immortal soul
 Is passing now.

Stranger ! how great soe'er,
With lowly reverence bow !
There 's one in that poor shed,
One by that wretched bed,
 Greater than thou.

Beneath that pauper's roof,
Lo ! Death doth keep his state ;
Enter — no crowds attend :
Enter — no guards defend
 This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold,
No whispering courtiers tread.
One silent woman stands
Chafing with pale, thin hands,
 A dying head.

No busy murmurs sound ;
An infant wail alone :
A sob suppressed — again
That short, deep gasp — and then
 The parting groan !

O change ! O wondrous change !
Burst are the prison bars !
This moment there — so low
In mortal prayer — and now
 Beyond the stars !

O change ! stupendous change !
Here lies the senseless clod ;
The soul from bondage breaks,
The new immortal wakes —
Wakes with his God.

THE AGED CHRISTIAN.

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word. — *Luke 2: 29.*

'T is enough — the hour is come ;
Now within the silent tomb
Let this mortal frame decay,
Mingled with its kindred clay ;
Since thy mercies oft of old,
By thy chosen seers foretold,
Faithful now, and steadfast prove,
God of truth, and God of love !

Since at length my aged eye,
Sees the day-spring from on high !
Those whom death had overspread
With his dark and dreary shade,
Lift their eyes, and from afar
Hail the light of Jacob's star ;
Waiting till the promised ray
Turn their darkness into day.

Sun of righteousness, to thee,
Lo! the nations bow the knee;
And the realms of distant kings
Own the healing of thy wings.
See the beams intensely shed,
Shine on Zion's favored head!
Never may they hence remove,
God of truth, and God of love!

'I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.'

John 11: 25.

DEAD in sin, and deep in shame,
Kindle, Lord, a vital flame;
Bid the clouds and darkness flee,
Bid me rise and rest in thee —
Raise me, Saviour,
Raise to all eternity.

Breathe into this soul of mine
Life eternal, life divine;
Slay these passions, fierce and rife,
End, O end this mortal strife —
Conquering Saviour,
Thou the vict'ry art and life.

Free from sin — from Satan free;
Let my life be hid with thee;

Send thy seraphs from the skies,
Seal this living sacrifice —

Risen Saviour,
Ceaseless let this incense rise.

O'er the silence of the tomb,
May celestial vigor bloom ;
When the world dissolves in fire,
Then in robes of light attire —

Then, O Saviour,
May I join the immortal choir.

‘THE TIME OF THE DEAD.’

Rev. 11: 18.

GREAT God ! what do I see and hear ?
The end of things created !
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated !
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before :
Prepare my soul to meet him.

The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet’s sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding ;
No gloomy fears their soul dismay ;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing ;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing :
The day of grace is past and gone ;
Trembling they stand before the throne
All unprepared to meet him !

Great God, what do I see and hear ?
The end of things created !
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated !
Low at his cross I wait the day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him !

HEAVENLY REST.

There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God. — *Heb. 4: 9.*

SWEET is the name of rest,
How much the word conveys !
It is to be supremely blest
In the bright world of praise.

It is to rest from sin,
Which here will still endure :
The holy place to enter in,
And be forever pure.

It is to rest from pain,
From grief, from doubt, from fear :
No sickness, parting, death again,
Nor any falling tear.

It is to rest with him,
Whom now unseen we trust,
With cherubim and seraphim,
And spirits of the just.

A perfect cloudless rest,
An endless Sabbath day ;
Blessed portion yet to be possessed,
And never fade away.

HEAVEN.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain ; for the former things are passed away. — *Rev. 21: 4.*

No sickness there,—
No weary wasting of the frame away,
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air,
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray.

No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair,
No vain petition for a swift relief,
No tearful eyes, no broken hearts are there.

Care has no home
Within the realm of ceaseless prayer and song ;
Its billows break and melt away in foam,
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng.

The storm's black wing
Is never spread athwart celestial skies ;
Its wailings blend not with the voice of spring,
As some too tender floweret fades and dies.

No night distils
Its chilling dews upon the tender frame,
No moon is needed there. The light which fills
That land of glory, from its Maker came.

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep ;
No bed of death enduring love attends,
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep.

No blasted flower,
Or withered bud celestial gardens know ;
No scorching blast, or fierce-descending shower
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe.

No battle word
Startles the sacred host with fear and dread ;
The song of peace creation's morning heard,
Is sung wherever angel minstrels tread.

Let us depart,
If home like this await the weary soul.
Look up, thou stricken one ! Thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control

With faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent, to lead the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the ocean of eternal day.

THE FAMILY IN HEAVEN AND EARTH.

Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named. — *Eph. 3: 15.*

COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize ;
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise :
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our king,
In earth and heaven are one.

One family, we dwell in him ;
One church above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death :

One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Ten thousand to their endless home,
This solemn moment fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And in our turn must die :
His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

THOUGHTS OF ETERNITY.

And fulfil all the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power. — 1 *Thess.* 1: 11.

THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry ;
A half-awakened child of man ;
An heir of endless bliss or pain ;
A sinner born to die !

Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure ! insensible !

A point of time, a moment's space
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress !
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late,
Wake me to righteousness.

Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shall come,
To judge the nations at thy bar ;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom ?

Be this my one great business here,
With holy diligence and fear
To make my calling sure ;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above ;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

PRESSING TOWARD HEAVEN.

Looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God.

2 Peter 3 : 12.

RISE my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace,
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove,
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire, ascending seeks the sun —
Both speed them to their source :
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

Cease ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize :
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies :
Yet a season, and ye know
Happy entrance shall be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.

Job 7: 16.

EARTH is the spirit's rayless cell ;
But then, as a bird soars home to the shade
Of the beautiful wood, where its nest was made,
In bonds no more to dwell ; —

So will its weary wing
Be spread for the skies, when its toil is done ;
And its breath flow free, as a bird's in the sun,
And the soft fresh gales of spring.

O, not more sweet the tears
Of the dewy eve on the violet shed,
Than the dews of age on the ' hoary head,'
When it enters the eve of years.

Nor dearer amid the foam
Of the far-off sea, and its stormy roar,
Is a breath of balm from the unseen shore,
To him that weeps for home.

Wings, like a dove, to fly ! —
The spirit is faint with its feverish strife ; —
O, for its home in the upper life !
When, when will death draw nigh !

VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

Brought life and immortality to light. — *2 Tim.* 1: 10.

NIGHT turns to day: —

When sullen darkness lowers,
And heaven and earth are hid from sight,
Cheer up, cheer up !
Ere long the opening flowers,
With dewy eyes, shall shine in light.

Storms die in calms: —

When over land and ocean,
Roll the loud chariots of the wind,
Cheer up, cheer up !
The voice of wild commotion
Proclaims tranquillity behind.

Winter wakes spring: —

When icy blasts are blowing
O'er frozen lakes, through naked trees,
Cheer up, cheer up !
All beautiful and glowing,
May floats in fragrance on the breeze.

War ends in peace: —

Though dread artillery rattle,
And ghastly corses load the ground,
Cheer up, cheer up,
Where groaned the field of battle,
The song, the dance, the feast go round.

Toil brings repose:—

With noontide fervors beating,
When droop thy temples o'er thy breast,
Cheer up, cheer up!
Grey twilight, cool and fleeting,
Wafts on its wing the hour of rest.

Death springs to life:—

Though brief and sad thy story,
Thy years all spent in care and gloom,
Look up, look up!
Eternity and glory
Dawn through the portals of the tomb.

MEET AGAIN.

That he should gather together in one the children of God.
John 11: 52.

JOYFUL words, — we meet again !
Love's own language, comfort darting
Through the souls of friends at parting :
Life in death, — we meet again !

While we walk this vale of tears,
Compassed round with care and sorrow,
Gloom to-day, and storm to-morrow,
'Meet again !' our bosom cheers.

Far in exile, when we roam,
 O'er our lost endearments weeping,
 Lonely, silent vigils keeping,
 'Meet again' transports us home.

When this weary world is past,
 Happy they, whose spirits soaring,
 Vast eternity exploring,
 'Meet again' in heaven at last.

'BEHOLD, I WAS LEFT ALONE.'

Isaiah 49: 21.

WHERE are ye with whom in life I started,
 Dear companions of my golden days ?
 Ye are dead, estranged from me, or parted,
 Flown, like morning clouds, a thousand ways.

Where art thou, in youth my friend and brother,
 Yea, in soul my friend and brother still ?
 Heaven received thee, and on earth none other
 Can the void in my lorn bosom fill.

Where is she, whose looks were love and gladness,
 Love and gladness I no longer see !
 She is gone ; and since that hour of sadness,
 Nature seems her sepulchre to me.

Where am I? — life's current, faintly flowing,
Brings the welcome warning of release;
Struck with death, ah! whither am I going?
All is well — my spirit parts in peace.

THE GRAVE.

He believeth not that he shall return out of darkness. — *Job 15: 22.*

THERE is a calm for those who weep;
A rest for weary pilgrims found:
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the wintry sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head,
And aching heart, beneath the soil;
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

The grave that never spoke before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide;
O, listen! I will speak no more! —
Be silent, pride!

Art thou a mourner? hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights,
Endearing days forever flown,
And tranquil nights?

O, live! and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past;
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam;
Live! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home!

Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

Whate'er thy lot — where'er thou be —
Confess thy folly — kiss the rod;
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

A bruised reed he will not break,
Afflictions all his children feel;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal!

Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his providence adore :
'T is done ! arise ! he bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

Now traveller in the vale of tears !
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground —

The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day !

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky ;
The soul, immortal as its sire,
SHALL NEVER DIE !

'A BETTER COUNTRY.'

Hebrews 11: 16.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never fading flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

But timorous mortals start, and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

O, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes ;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Could fright us from the shore !

SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?—*Rev. 7: 13.*

WHAT are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song?
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour!'

These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his eternal name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them, the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living waters lead.
Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
Perfect love dispels their fears ;
And forever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away all tears.

ALL 'S WELL.

Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him. — *Isaiah 3 : 10.*

DESERTED by each faithless friend,
When fortune's smiles no more attend ;
Submissive to his Father's will,
The patient Christian trusts him still ;
Still walks in wisdom's pleasant way,
And loves to hear, and praise, and pray,
His joy and peace, O who can tell !
In wealth and want, with him ' All 's well.'

On passing through death's gloomy vale,
When fears invade and doubts assail,
While leaning on the staff and rod
Of his unchanging faithful God ;
A gleam of heavenly light appears,
The Saviour wipes away his tears,
Triumphant over death and hell,
In life and death, with him ' All 's well.'

TO A DYING CHRISTIAN.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee.—*Numb. 6: 24.*

PARTING soul! the flood awaits thee,
And the billows round thee roar:
Yet look on— the crystal city
Stands on yon celestial shore!
There are crowns and thrones of glory,
There the living waters glide;
There the just, in shining raiment,
Wander by Immanuel's side.

Linger not, the stream is narrow,
Though its cold dark waters rise;
He who passed the flood before thee,
Guides the path to yonder skies:
Hark! the sound of angels, hymning,
Rolls harmonious o'er thine ear:
See the walls and golden portals
Through the mist of death appear.

Soul, adieu — this gloomy sojourn
Holds thy captive feet no more;
Flesh is dropped, and sin forsaken,
Sorrow done, and weeping o'er.
Through the tears thy friends are shedding
Smiles of hope serenely shine;
Not a friend remains behind thee,
But would change his lot for thine.

FAREWELL.

He giveth his beloved sleep.—*Psalm 127:2.*

LIE down in peace to take thy rest!
Dear cherished form! no longer mine,
But bearing in thy clay-cold breast
A hidden germ of life divine;
Which, when the eternal spring shall bloom,
Will burst the shackles of the tomb.

Lie down in peace to take thy rest!
Unbroken will thy slumbers be,
Satan can now no more molest,
And death has done his worst on thee;
Lie down, thy hallowed sleep to take,
Till clothed with glory thou shalt wake.

Lie down in peace to take thy rest!
We can no longer watch thy bed,
But glorious angels, spirits blest,
Shall guard thee day and night instead;
And when thine eyes unclosed shall be,
Christ in his glory they shall see.

Lie down in peace to take thy rest!
My eyes must weep — my heart must mourn;
But to thy soul, with Jesus blest,
For comfort and for hope I turn;
Thou wilt not mark these tears that flow,
Sorrow can never reach thee now.

Lie down in peace to take thy rest!

Let *me* betake myself to prayer,
Binding faith's corslet on my breast,
Lest Satan find an entrance there;
God gave — though now his gift he claim,
Still, blessed be his holy name !

FOR A BLIND PERSON.

He endured, as seeing him who is invisible. — *Heb. 11: 27.*

ARE Nature's charms all hidden
Forever from thy view?
Am I in darkness bidden
My journey to pursue?
My Father! O, my Father!
Thy child can trust thee still,
And strength from thee can gather,
To suffer all thy will.

Though many a form be shrouded,
That once inspired delight,
My soul's clear eye unclouded,
And filled with inward light,
May gaze with steadier vision
On things to faith revealed,
And wait in meek submission
For all to be unsealed.

Vain things that once deluded,
The world's false glare and show,
By loss of sight excluded,
Nor please, nor tempt me now.
Should I not welcome blindness,
If sent, my God, by thee,
In thy parental kindness,
To break earth's spells for me ?

O, if this sad privation,
Which men misfortune deem,
Make Christ and his salvation
‘ The one thing needful ’ seem,
I then shall gain that treasure,
Impervious to decay,
Which care, ambition, pleasure,
Might else have snatched away.

On thee, my God ! reclining,
From things external freed,
Calm, peaceful, unrepining,
I go where thou shalt lead.
Loved looks, still lovelier seeming,
In memory's glow arrayed,
On me are ever beaming,
Undimmed by sorrow's shade.

Loved voices still can cheer me,
Sweet birds my ear can charm,
Kind guardians, ever near me,
Watch to protect from harm ;

But, O ! the thought most cheering,
Fraught with delight untold,
Is this — at thine appearing,
Thy face I shall behold.

JESUS LIVES.

I know that my Redeemer liveth. — *Job 19: 25.*

JESUS lives ! my life, my joy,
Where, O death, is now thy terror ?
Soon his light I shall enjoy,
Free from darkness, sin, and error ;
He from darkness sets me free,
This is my security.

Jesus lives ! to him alone.
Power o'er all the earth is given ;
Soon I shall behold his throne,
Soon with him shall reign in heaven ;
God fulfils his own decree,
This is my security.

Jesus lives ! who saved my soul,
His be every thought and feeling,
He shall all my heart control,
All my aims and wishes sealing ;
Faithful to his own is he,
This is my security.

Jesus lives ! and from his love
 Naught my soul shall ever sunder,
 Naught beneath, nor aught above,
 Satan's wrath, nor Sinai's thunder ;
 Strength he gives, abundant, free —
 This is my security.

Jesus lives ! the hour of death
 Ushers to a life unending,
 O, what rapture in that breath,
 (Anguish every fibre rending,)
 If my soul may say to thee,
 Thou art my security.

‘FOR EVER AND EVER.’

Revelations 7: 12.

ETERNITY, eternity,
 How long art thou, eternity !
 So fleet our time glides on to thee,
 As to its port the ship at sea,
 As courier swift and martial steed,
 As from the bow the arrows speed.

Eternity, eternity,
 How long art thou, eternity !
 As on a sphere all smooth and round,
 End and beginning are not found ;

Forever, ever thus with thee —
Unending, vast eternity !

Eternity, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity !
Thou art a ring of boundless size,
Unceasing time thy centre is,
Thy circuit never can be found,
Since thee shall limits never bound.

Eternity, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity !
If on its long and tedious way,
Some bird should bear our world away,
In every thousand years one sand,
Still thou wouldest undiminished stand.

Eternity, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity !
If only in each thousandth year
Some single eye should drop one tear,
So vast the flood at length would grow,
It wouldest the heavens and earth o'erflow.

Eternity, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity !
Nor ocean drops, nor sandy beach,
The number of thy years can reach ;
All computation strives in vain,
Thy vast, thy boundless length to gain.

Eternity, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity !
O, man ! so long as God shall reign,
So long will be the sinner's pain ;
So long the blest their tongues employ,—
How long that pain, how long that joy !

LIVE FOR ETERNITY.

Be ye therefore ready.—*Luke 12: 40.*

A BRIGHT or dark eternity in view,
With all its fixed unutterable things,
What madness in the living to pursue,
As their chief portion, with the speed of wings,
The joys that death-beds always turn to stings !
Infatuated man, on earth's smooth waste,
To dance along the path that always brings
Quick to an end, from which with tenfold haste
Back would he gladly fly till all should be retraced !

Our life is like the hurrying on the eve
Before we start, on some long journey bound,
When fit preparing to the last we leave,
Then run to every room the dwelling round,
And sigh that nothing needed can be found ;
Yet go we must, and soon as day shall break ;

We snatch an hour's repose, when loud the sound
For our departure calls ; we rise and take
A quick and sad farewell, and go ere well awake.

Reared in the sunshine, blasted by the storms,
Of changing time, scarce asking why or whence,
Men come and go like vegetable forms,
Though heaven appoints for them a work immense,
Demanding constant thought, and zeal intense.
Awaked by hopes and fears that leave no room
For rest to mortals in the dread suspense,
While yet they know not if beyond the tomb
A long, long life of bliss or woe shall be their doom.

What matter whether pain or pleasures fill
The swelling heart one little moment here ?
From both alike how vain is every thrill,
While an untried eternity is near !
Think not of rest, fond man, in life's career ;
The joys and grief that meet thee, dash aside
Like bubbles, and thy bark right onward steer
Through calm and tempest, till it cross the tide,
Shoot into port in triumph, or serenely glide.

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